

THE LITERARY GAZETTE;

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

AND

No. 1136.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1838.

PRICE 8d.
Stamped Edition, 9d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Winter's Journey (Tâtar) from Constantinople to Tehran; with Travels through various Parts of Persia, &c. By James Baillie Fraser, Esq., author of "A Tour in the Himalaya Mountains," "The Kuzzilbash," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1838. Bentley.

THE accumulating political importance which now attaches to Persia and Persian affairs, added to the general interest ever felt in accounts of that peculiar country, are hardly needed to recommend a work from the pen of so popular a writer as Mr. Baillie Fraser. His own name would be sufficient.

The present publication contains much curious matter, and relates the circumstances of a journey of extraordinary difficulty, fatigue, and danger. Travelling Tâtar in the depths of winter is no joke; and we never read the details of any transit more full of peril and privation than that made by our countryman, of 2600 miles, from Semlin *viâ* Constantinople, Amasia, Boli, and Casveen, to Tehran. It is true that we gather little information respecting the snow-covered lands traversed from these particulars, but they are rich in personal adventure, and exhibit the habits of the natives in a very striking manner. The first volume is occupied by them.

In December 1833, Mr. Fraser quitted the comforts of London on his foreign mission; and though it seems to have been of a nature to forbid disclosure, we learn enough to observe that it demanded the utmost despatch and perseverance. By the end of the month, he dates his first letter from Vienna, and thus gives his experience of European travelling, and of the state of Hungary.

"I had now had a trial of posting through several countries of Europe. I had dashed along the splendid roads of England, with the infallible and uninterrupted speed peculiar to itself alone. I had experienced the noisy, flashy 'prétentionne,' but slow and inefficient régime, of France. I had jolted along the straight, tedious, spring-breaking *chaussées* of Belgium; been comforted and solaced by the good roads and regulations of respectable Prussia; had groaned over and cursed the abominable highways of Bavaria, with its sulky, sullen boors; and had been again relieved by the slow but sure progress of the imperturbable but civil Austrians. I had now, thank Heaven, terminated my dealings with the proud, self-sufficient Hungarians, with their ratlike horses and devious steppes: why should I declare to which the preference is due? This, however, I will say, that if the posting throughout Prussia be equal to what I found it, and that the other countries can boast of no better than I experienced, I should at once pronounce it superior to any on the continent of Europe, so far as is consistent with my knowledge. With regard to the posting in Hungary, for the credit of the country, no doubt the less said about it the better; but I should be very apt to advise all travellers whose business requires speed, to put their dignity and their love of comfort in their pocket, to take a *char-à-banc* like those used by the natives, with a tilt or cloth cover to keep off rain or wind, to wrap themselves up in furs, and

to take their chance of tumbles. They will thus get on faster and at less expense, and be far less liable to the danger of serious accidents and the consequent delay which they must incur by the use of a more comfortable vehicle. As to the country of Hungary, I can be but little qualified to talk of it, from the limited portion which I saw, and the disadvantageous circumstances under which our journey was made; but so far as my observation went, I know none less interesting to travel in. The face of the country is flat, bare, tiresome; there are no antiquities, so far as I know, to engage the attention of the curious; no natural beauties to attract the lover of picturesque scenery; while the accommodations are not assuredly such as to compensate to any class of travellers for the discomforts they must lay their account with enduring, from want of roads or the conveniences of posting. Even to the philosopher who seeks to study mankind in the book of various regions, Hungary presents but a melancholy page. The people, indeed, are rather a fine race, and, under a proper system of education—for they are as yet scarcely civilised—might become capable of any thing; they might prove fit inhabitants of a land, the soil of which may be pronounced inferior to none in point of productiveness, and the natural advantages of which would seem to point it out as the suitable abode of a great nation. But it is to be feared that the day of such improvement is yet far off, and that not till Europe, and Germany in particular, shall have shaken off the thralldom of government under which she now labours, and have adopted a more enlightened system of policy, will Hungary be in a state to avail herself of her natural advantages, or her people be able to shake off their prejudices and their ignorance, to become active and industrious, and thus to take their due rank in the scale of European nations."

The journey onward, as we have noticed, fills the first volume; and thinking, as we do, that there is enough of minute journalising, we shall endeavour to select some of the most striking descriptions and incidents, to shew what sort of an expedition this was. In ascending from Amasia into Armenia, Mr. Fraser acknowledges and apologises a little:—

"Last night, so intense was the frost, that there was not a drop of water to be had to drink, and our boots and clothes were frozen hard as usual. But I am tired of telling you of these things, and so, no doubt, are you; yet what else can I tell you of on such a journey?"

But we trust there will be found sufficient variety in the following:—

"At Hajee-Humza, although to our inquiries regarding the state of the road, the reply was still a shake of the head and '*Châmoor tchouk, tchouk*,' they gave us horses so lean, and small, and wretched, that our first idea was that the postmaster was passing a scurvy joke upon us; and assuredly no one imagined they could possibly take us to the next stage. But either there were no others to be had, or the Tatar could not get them; so on we fared in sleet and rain along the course of the Kizzil Ermâk, the alluvial soil on the banks of which, every here and there, up to the very foot of the

rocks, was converted into rice-grounds—and there, Heaven knows, there was *Châmoor tchouk* with a witness, as our poor horses could testify, to their own cost and our most vexatious delay. Five times did one of the load-horses fall or settle down in the slippery mud, or in deep miry loam; and a dirty as well as a difficult job had the Tatar and Soorajees in dragging him and the others—for all fell or stuck more or less frequently—out of these sad sloughs of Despond. About half-way on we found a danger of another sort to encounter, in a fearful pass which traverses the face of a rock above the Kizzil Ermâk. A spur of the mountain terminates in a bold perpendicular cliff of some ten or twelve hundred feet high, at the foot of which the river roars and boils in a huge pool; and midway in air, across the face of this rock, perhaps four or five hundred feet above the torrent, has the road been carried, principally by quarrying and blasting the solid stone—a huge and fearful work. The path thus made is about ten feet broad, built up and paved where the living rock suffices not for the floor; and there is a parapet too, but so thin and low in some parts as to give the idea that were you to fall against it, it would give way, and you topple headlong over. The whole may be a quarter of a mile long, with a steep ascent to, and descent from it. The weather was so bad, that I scarcely knew the nature of the place until I was right upon it: and it actually made one sick to look over at the dark green boiling water with loads of ice going down in it;—the soles of my feet tingled again, as if I were already falling. You may conceive what a business it was; the horses with their smooth shoes sliding and sprattling along the ice-covered rock and stone pavement of this nervous place, and we afraid to stop in order to dismount. The name given by the Tatar to this ugly step was '*Surmâsekiayah*.' There was a most noble view, however, from this height, of the fair and rich valley, up stream, to Osmanjik. The mountains on either hand were abundantly picturesque, with their peaks cut by time and weather into fantastic castellated looking crags: but really, what with bad roads and bad weather, there was but little enjoyment of scenery to be had. A wild evening, half storm, half crimson glow, lighted up the romantic crag of Osmanjik, rising like a huge black giant with a castled coronet out of the fair valley which we were ascending; but the uncertain moonlight prevented us from seeing more than that we crossed a broad foaming stream, one chief branch of the Kizzil Ermâk, by a noble old bridge, and that the town extended along both sides of the river. It was with the utmost difficulty that we brought our jaded horses to the post-house, and one of them fell from utter exhaustion twice in the very streets."

Further on at Kara Hissar, pressing onward by night as well as by day:—

"There was (we are told) every prospect of our coming to a stand still; for the snow thickened as the day advanced: it had already, they told us, fallen for three days, and was very deep in the vicinity of the town; and the next stage was one of sixteen hours, or sixty-

four miles, across a tract of lofty mountains, without a single village on the way. This was a serious undertaking in a stormy night; and the Soorajees and postmaster looked grave and shook their heads when we demanded horses: so it being clear enough that, come what might, we should require all our stamina to get through with our work, we ordered food, and consented to remain a couple of hours to see how the night was likely to turn out. At five o'clock, the snow-storm had thickened; and the Soorajees positively refused to proceed. It was certain destruction, they declared:—to find the way would be impossible, and we were certain to perish, horse and man, if we attempted to pass the mountain at such a time. While we were talking the matter over, the evening gun, which gives signal of sunset in the Ramazan, and permission for the hungry faithful to break their fast, gave forth its summons, and we had the appetising whet of witnessing the postmaster and his myrmidons at their evening *déjeûné*,—and a capital one it was, I assure you. Dish after dish was presented, and whipped away, as soon as the guests had done it honour, with as much rapidity and propriety as if it had been the meal of a pasha and his friends,—and well did the greasy rogues bury their ugly fists in the contents of each. The humours of a Turkish post-house, however original, are somewhat of the coarsest, and the company it introduces you to is not always the most choice; still, it is a chapter in the book of human character, and is worth the reading. I have already given you sketches of a Turkish coffeehouse and post; but I fear I should fail sadly in any attempt to convey to you an idea of the thousand strange scenes, and their grotesque actors, that present themselves to view in such a journey as this. Language could not convey the various shades of difference, and you would be tired of seeming repetition without being amused. But were you to see the host of wild and indescribable figures that rush out on your arrival, and pull you from your horses; the multitude of the same species that, on entering the dirty, stifling hole, you find stretched like beasts before the fire, or lounging in the corners on the squalid rugs that receive from day to day, and from year to year, the filth of these obscene animals, on which you also must stretch your weary limbs, or remain unrested; were you to see travellers, like ourselves, rushing in, snow-covered, mud-plastered, ice-clad, throwing themselves, 'boots and all,' upon these precious couches; were you to see the unclean, half naked, greasy biped that flits about the fireplace, and proceeds to exercise one of the functions of his calling, in the brewing of coffee; were you to watch this delicate process, and see the functionary himself licking his little spoon, after stirring the beverage in which you are to share, or wiping it on one of his own black rags before immersing it again in the pot;—you might form some faint notion of the manner in which matters are carried on for the comfort of travellers in these admirable establishments. Nor would the sequel edify you less. As night comes on, and you may have made up your mind to remain a few hours to recruit your exhausted frame, you naturally hope to spend them in rest and quietness. Vain expectation! Having bolted your food with what appetite you may,—and hunger is good sauce,—you lay yourself down resignedly on one of the the aforesaid tempting heaps, and soon experience the composing effect of weariness and repletion combined; but just as your eyes are closing, in rush the whole posse.—postmaster

and men, Soorajees, Cahwajees, aspirants, stable-boys and all, with any superannuated veterans or unemployed individuals of the caste about the town—who look to having their repast and comforts as you have had yours. This having been devoured, *cum multa strupitui*, and some of the understrappers having cleared away the wreck, with the trays on which it was served, you may see—for your eyes are by this time wide enough open—the *artiste*, who so respectfully served you with coffee, brewing a fresh brewst. This he hands in due form to the good company, himself taking the last rich cup, with all the grounds, and sipping it like any bey or pasha. This being performed, he fills and lights his own pipe, and squats down like a gentleman that has performed his duty, helping himself out of any bag,—your own perhaps—that happens to be next him; a freedom in which he is followed by the rest; and there they all sit enveloped in a thick cloud of tobacco-smoke, out of which, like the mutterings of thunder from a stormy sky, comes the incessant gabble of their tongues; one fellow swears, another roars out a good story, a third contradicts him flatly, then up rises one, and, squatting himself alongside the fire, or close beside your lair, begins to put his foot-gear to rights, pulling off and putting on his boots and rags of stockings; another washes his hands and feet, Mussulman fashion, and squats himself down to prayers at your very elbow; while a third holds a loud remonstrative altercation with the Tatar on some disputed point or fact. Then the sights, and the smells, and the oaths, and the brutal appearance and demeanour of the ugly gang,—who, after all, probably mean nothing offensive, but who all carry on the war like cocks on their own dunghill,—forms a *tout ensemble* somewhat too strong for nice stomachs—a picture too broadly in the Ostade style to please most amateurs. And yet, in fact, it is they who are really at home, and you are the intruder. They are turned out to make room for you; it is their places you occupy, their beds you try to sleep upon, their fleas and crawlers which you are treacherously enticing away with your own fresh blood: so what right have you to complain? Complaint, indeed, would have been in vain, but grumble a bit I must say I did, just to relieve my spleen; and this night, in particular, we had cause for it, for the whole place, floor and benches, were covered with the wretches holding forth or snoring away at such a rate, that all attempts at sleep were totally abortive. *

"Night closed in while we waded over an endless succession of waving heights and hollows, and through an increasing pine forest, which terminated in a long descent. But not so terminated our toils; for many a sore struggle with snow-wreaths, and many a disappointment, had we to endure, before our little nags, after a ride of twenty-one hours in the saddle, without once dismounting except when they stuck in the snow, brought us to the village of Sheheran; and though, during this long period of continued exertion, they neither halted nor got a morsel to eat, they came on for the last few miles along the plain at a good round trot; nor can I say that when we dismounted they seemed half as much fagged as their riders. So much for the bottom of Turkish post-houses, and the pluck of Turkish Soorajees. We had a cold welcome at Sheheran; bad food, and little of it, and no horses to be had until morning; so that it was eight o'clock of January 29th, before we got on foot again; and, in truth, I was not sorry for a few hours' rest. Our accounts of the road were far from encou-

raging: it was '*Kâr tehovék tehovék—tehovék daghler—pees daghler*,'—'A great deal of snow and plenty of mountains—bad mountains,'—in reply to our questions; nor were our minds relieved, nor our hopes revived, by having to start in a heavy fall of snow, and an atmosphere as black as night. But this had been for some time our daily bread; and we began to dread that, unless we pushed through the mountains and passes at once, we might be snowed up completely, and detained for weeks, if not for months, in some miserable village: so we mustered our courage and off we set, in spite of the declarations of the postmaster and his myrmidons that we should stick in the '*Elma-dagh*,' a difficult pass over one of the mountains in our next stage."

At length our travellers (Mr. Fraser and a Mr. Bonham, who had joined him as a companion in Tatar, at Constantinople), were brought to a stand still, and were forced to retrograde, among Koordish annoyances, to Bayazeed, whence they had gone two or three days before.

"It cost (says the narrative) 'mickle toil,' and nearly half our fingers, to extricate the loads and horses, and get them once more across the water-course; and when, at length, they were brought to comparatively sound ground and reloaded, we found, as had been anticipated, that all our work was to be done over again; for not a trace of our former footsteps was to be seen. It was the first time we had been fairly, or rather unfairly as we thought, baffled by the snow and the poor spirit of our guards, and I cannot tell you how bitter a mortification we felt it. The toil of returning was enhanced as much by the chill of disappointment as by the depth of the drift. Night soon fell, and the darkness was thickened by the falling snow. Our customary amusement of extricating fallen horses was abundantly repeated; and our perplexity augmented by the perversity of our guides, who would attempt to find their way to a nearer village, and lost themselves and us completely. In fact, there were two parties and two opinions among them: one proposing to return to the regular caravan stage, the other desiring to make their way to a nearer village; unfortunately, for us, the latter party carried the day, and the consequence was a protracted wandering up and down in heavy snow, with the growing conviction that our fate for the night was a lodging on the hill-side. For ourselves we were mere ciphers; remonstrance was out of the question. We could not even explain our thoughts; in fact, so unmanageable were our guards, and so independent did they seem of all control, that I was by no means satisfied we should not be deserted, had a strong remonstrance been attempted; so we followed our blind guides like lambs led to the slaughter, until it was their pleasure to stop. At length the most welcome sound of a dog barking came borne upon the night breeze to our ears from afar; a pistol was fired as a signal, and up again we pushed with new vigour, plunging at random through drift and hollow, and all that came in our way; even the horses, weary as they were, seemed to catch the animation of hope, and carried us bravely. At length, after crossing a ravine, a full chorus of barking burst out close upon us; and before a single object was observable that could lead us to the conclusion of our being near the abode of man, we were assailed by half a hundred monstrously fierce dogs, who were guarding a flock of sheep before their master's door, and who now set upon us open-mouthed. The uproar brought

their masters from an invisible subterraneous den—fellows as wild as themselves—by whose exertions we succeeded in reaching the body of the place undevoured. But it did not seem by any means to follow that we had secured a lodging in thus reaching this den of wild beasts; for so long was it before the combined efforts of guards and Tatar could effect any arrangement, or find a place for our accommodation, that we were under some apprehension of being forced to go further, whatever our fare might prove. We were stopped at one of the outworks, like enemies, in the falling snow; and there we sat on our horses watching the baggage, surrounded and watched in our turn by the savages whom curiosity had brought together, and by the formidable dogs who eyed and patrolled around us, and by their growling seemed still longing for a bite, as much as their masters did, I am persuaded, for our property. When the negotiation was concluded, and a weary time it was, the Tatar, issuing forth from one of the yawning caverns, announced that our reception was at last prepared for. We followed him accordingly into the dark gulf, and found ourselves in an assembly of cows, horses, sheep, goats, and human beings, from among which an old man, with a long white beard, who might have represented the shepherd of Lot or Abraham, stepped forth, and seizing hold of my hand, gave me the salutation of peace, and led me into a larger cave, into which only the horses of the party were permitted to enter, and which was covered with a thick layer of dung as with a carpet. In the interior wall of this place there was a low square hole, from whence burst forth a goat or two, and into which we were directed to plunge; we did so, and found a young Koord hard at work, brushing away the thick dung of sheep and goats, and disputing possession of the premises with sundry of these animals, who were not expelled without the employment of very strong measures; indeed, one of them, a pet I presume, made the most violent remonstrances against ejection. But all was in vain; the apartment was cleared, and proved more decent than we anticipated, at least in point of height and dimensions; it was furnished with a fireplace, too, a most necessary convenience in such a night and place,—and when spread with some coarse but decent humuds, formed a very tolerable shelter for persons who had just escaped from the chance of a snow-wreath for their covering. Once put upon his mettle, the old man bustled bravely about, providing for our comfort; the carpets were laid, the fire lighted, and fuel in abundance was heaped to supply it; but when the question of 'What is to be had to eat?' came to be put, the reply was,—'A blank, my lord!' 'Have you any fowls?' 'Yök.' 'Eggs?' 'Yök.' 'Rice?' 'Yök.' 'Milk?' 'Yök.' 'Butter?' 'Yök.' 'What, neither milk nor butter in a Koordish village!' 'Wullah! yök.' 'But bread, then?' 'Ah! yes! a little bread; and, if we desired, they would kill us a sheep, and we might have the fat of its tail for butter if we chose.' 'What! a whole sheep?' said I. 'To be sure,' said they; 'there are plenty to eat it, and then you will have enough for to-morrow's breakfast;' and while Bonham and I were considering about it, the victim in person, which they had got all ready for the anticipated demand, was paraded in by two fellows to be bargained for. There it stood, poor thing! a perfect image of patient meekness, in the hands of its owner, who was feeling its flesh and praising its condition as knowingly as ever a Smithfield grazier. It was rather too

cool a thing thus to serve up to you the living creature of which in half an hour you were to eat a chop: but urgent circumstances call for strong measures; we ordered the animal away, desiring the Tatar to see if he could agree about its price. About five minutes after this, my companion inquired whether they had arranged matters, and whether we were to have the sheep or not. 'Wullah! it is killed and skinned already!' was the reply: 'how will you have it dressed?' 'Oh! kebabs, to be sure,' replied one of our guards, taking up the speech; and although I endeavoured to alip in a hint about a pillow, it appeared that the wherewithal for that comfortable dish was utterly wanting; so kebabs were agreed to; and in less than half an hour from the moment when the creature, 'full of lusty life,' had made its appearance before us—before we had discussed a pot of hot coffee I had made to please the rogues, in came two immense rude dishes, full of half-scorched goblets of its flesh, swimming in the melted fat of its own tail! These were placed upon a huge sheet of leather, stained with the relics of a thousand feasts, and to it we all fell—guards, Tatar, Tchlebees, host, and all. It was a most atrocious proceeding on the whole; but tender consciences will not do for travellers, and hunger is a famous sauce: the dishes were cleared in a twinkling, and many grunts and 'Athum-duillahs' attested the satisfaction produced by the fragments of the poor surprised victim. Here then behold us, after all our perils by snow and by drift, fairly installed in a little wild Koordish village, the first Europeans probably ever seen there, and very tolerably entertained by a parcel of ruffians, who, could they have met us in the open field in force enough to overpower us, would have cut our throats remorselessly, for the sake of our property; here we were, hail fellow well met! bandying jokes with all the rogues of the place. I wish some of our 'fine' friends could just have taken a peep into a magic mirror, and got a glimpse of our wild-looking party, seated, as it was, round a fire of cowering and dry weeds, in our dungeon cavern, lighted up with one of my 'wax-dungs.' The old chief of the village was an admirable figure, with breeches that would put the trunk-hose of a dozen ancient Dutchmen to shame; his blue-checked *kiurk* or jacket, great slovenly turban overhanging his huge features, a nose like that in 'Slawkenbergius's Tale,' and patriarchal white beard,—long, verily, shall I remember Ismael of Kamejök, for so were the worthy and his village named. For want of better employment, and in order to promote good-humour, I set the guards to sing, professing a strong desire to hear some Koordish music; and one of them, accordingly, sung us several airs, with very good voice and emphasis. A solo which followed, on a Koordish flute, was not quite so melodious, but some of the airs had a plaintive and peculiar character that was far from unpleasant. Tired and sleepy, we, at length, stretched ourselves, just where we sat, upon the numuds, and went quietly to rest, merely taking the precaution to place the guards outside, and nearest the door; for, though I had little confidence in the courage or honesty of these men on the road, as they had been furnished in consequence of the pasha's order, they might, we thought, at least be trusted to protect both our persons and property, while in the village, from open robbery, though not, as we found to our cost, from petty pilferage. Our last act was an attempt to secure, if we could, a sufficient force of men to help us over

the snow on the morrow; but the old man of the village, when applied to for this purpose, swore, 'Wullah billah!' that not more than four could he procure (we had seen twenty stout fellows at least), and that they would not go under a ducat a-piece. After a long and fruitless remonstrance, the Tatar dismissed the meeting in despair; and, notwithstanding the unpromising aspect of affairs, to sleep we all went."

Having finally surmounted their most toilsome march, the travelling in Persia was little or nothing better than in the wildest preceding regions. We read the following with regret:—"The arrangements for our Chupper journey to Tehran were by no means simple. The state of the roads and of the country, the former being, as we learned, as bad as possible from snow and mud, and the latter in many places overrun with thieves and banditti—Eliant tribes and disbanded serbás—render proceeding rather precarious, both as to speed and safety. Then there is, it seems, no dependence whatever to be placed on the Chupper kanehs—scarcely a single station where horses are to be had—so I have come to the resolution of purchasing another yaboo (pony) or two; and getting on as fast as they, and the beasts we may pick up, can carry me. As for my friend Bonham, one of his eyes has been so much inflamed by sun and wind, as to render it highly imprudent for him to travel; so to my great sorrow he remains behind, to come on at greater leisure with Captain Macdonald, who is also about to return to Tehran; while I, taking a confidential gholam of Sir J. Campbell's, who was at Tabreez, waiting for fresh despatches, have resolved to push forward to-morrow. This irregularity in the Chupper kanehs between Tabreez and Tehran has existed, I find, ever since the campaigns of the late Prince Royal in Khorassan. The passage of troops along this line of road had given rise to great disorders, and occasioned the destruction or abandonment of many villages; and the requisition for couriers' horses had multiplied in a ratio so disproportioned to the very ill-paid allowances of the postmasters, that many of these worthies had made their escape with their cavalry, and left the couriers of Shah and Shahzadeh to get on as best they could. I was sorry to find, too, that a part of this disorganization was to be attributed to the conduct of certain of the European officers in the service of his royal highness. Formerly the villagers had been forward to hire their horses to Europeans, and particularly to English gentlemen, who travelled the road; but in consequence of the violence which had been used on some occasions, they had now become alarmed, and sought to excuse themselves either by denying the possession of horses at all, or charging so extravagant a hire to those who do pay, as to compensate, in some measure, for the losses they sustain by those who press and maltreat their cattle."

Of the general aspects of the countries, Mr. F. observes, at an earlier period:—

"I do not exactly know the boundary between the province of Anadoli, as the Turks call it, and Armenia; but Niskar is a town of the latter: and here we leave the lower regions of Asia Minor to ascend the far colder and mountainous plateau of Armenia, where the Euphrates and several other large rivers of this country take their rise. In leaving these parts, therefore, I may take occasion to remark what I do not think I have mentioned before; that one great difference between the aspect of Asiatic Turkey, so far as I have seen it, and that of most parts of Persia, independently of the beauty,

and richness, and wooded clothing of the former, is this: that in Persia there are to be traced nearly every where strong evidences of a greater prosperity and cultivation than now exists, in the numberless ruins of towns and villages; whereas in Turkey, though the villages you see may be comparatively few, you will observe none ruined or deserted. It must be remembered, however, that I only mention this as an impression received, as regards the latter country, under the circumstances of a rapid transit in vile weather, and at a very unfavourable season, and therefore not entitled to any high pretensions to accuracy: nor do I attempt to account for the fact, if even it be admitted to be true."

Two or three more notes, touching the earlier portion of the Persian journey, before arriving at Tehran, must conclude this week's review. Of the famous, or rather infamous bug of Miana, Mr. F. writes:—

"You may, perhaps, have heard of this insect, and I think I see the shudder you give at the very thought of its venom: yet, after all, to make use of an old pun, I suspect it to be a *hum-bug*. The people of the place, indeed, declare that the bug which abounds at Miana does bite strangers, and that its bite produces much inconvenience, and sometimes death: yet such instances are so rare, that none of those of whom I inquired regarding it, could say they recollected a case. No pain is felt at the time, and its effects are said to be first evinced by languor and weakness, which increase till death ensues. The cure consists in a milk diet and abstinence from animal food. The truth, I believe, is, that Miana being a marshy, unhealthy district, strangers are frequently attacked in it by the low fever peculiar to such situations, and as the place does happen to abound with a particular sort of bug, the fever is attributed to its bite. This insect is somewhat larger than a common bug, and frequents old buildings, bazars, and caravanserais, which are commonly ill swept and dirty. For my own part, I neither saw nor felt any."

From travelling so long over wastes of snow, we come to a very picturesque description.

"As we emerged from a sort of gorge at the bottom of the valley, near Siadehn, our stage, we were greeted by the first symptoms of approaching spring; and, oh, how delicious they were to our winter-buffed souls! The quiet stealing little emerald tint of some small shoots of grass, issuing from among the dry tufts, was the first thing that attracted my notice; and this was so plentiful in one spot as to give a slight tinge of green to the whole slope: but I could scarcely believe my eyes, when, riding a little further on, I perceived some white starlike flowers bursting from the bare soil. I passed the first cluster, believing I was deceived, and had taken white pebbles for blossoms; but a second group was not to be mistaken, and you would have smiled to see me spring from my horse, as I did, and dig up the little beauties from their hard bed. They were stars of six white petals, with a yellow centre, not unlike a small crocus, with a fine honeyed smell, and the ground soon became covered with them as we advanced. The wind, though high, was quite the breath of spring; the larks were twittering and carolling high in air; the beetles were hard at work on every bit of litter on the path; and there was a joy in the whole scene, a sense of deliverance and freedom, in looking once more on the fair face of nature without her ermine mantle, although the garb she wore was homely enough, that raised my spirits higher than they had been for many a day, and filled

me with thankfulness for the past and hope for the future, in spite of its uncertainty. The hills were covered with the flocks of the peasants, cropping the first fruits of spring; but we saw, too, that the pleasant season had tempted forth more troublesome customers. These were a tribe of *Karachees*, that is, gipsies, who had pitched their black tents on the south side of a hill, from which, as we learned, they looked out for travellers, and descended to plunder all such as they thought they could overpower. Only the day before they had stripped several foot-passengers; and such being the case we made ready to give them a warm reception, in case of an attack. But though we saw some of their spies on the look-out, and though they all mustered at their tent-doors as we passed, they contented themselves with gazing at us, and we pursued our way unmolested. It was remarkable, indeed, how careless they appeared to be about their own property. A dozen and more of their best brood mares were grazing by the road-side, without an attendant, at the mercy, it might be imagined, of every passer-by. I dare say, however, had any attempt been made to seize one, a guardian would not have been long in making himself visible. These mares were all clad in body-clothes, like pet animals, and much better dressed than any of their masters."

To conclude: state of Persia:—

"Every thing that I have seen or heard convinces me, that in spite of the long period of comparative peace and tranquillity which the country has enjoyed during the reign of Futeh Allee Shah, its condition is, in many respects, greatly deteriorated since the time of my last visit. Many causes, no doubt, have contributed to this result, but the chief of these is assuredly to be found in the vicious system pursued by that monarch of quartering individuals of his family, sons, sons-in-law, and grand-children, as governors upon the provinces and districts of the empire. Had this system even been confined to the principal provinces, it must necessarily have been attended with very pernicious effects upon the resources of the country, by creating a number of provincial courts so much more expensive than the usual governments, where each prince would naturally desire to vie with his brothers in point of brilliancy and power, and in maintaining a retinue of officers of state and show, viziers, meerzas, moostofees, confidential gholams, and troops, all of whom must in some way or other be paid. But when this most expensive mode of providing for the royal progeny comes to be adopted on a still greater scale, and every chief town and district, nay, every petty *ballook* and considerable village, comes to be assigned to one or other of these royal scions, some idea may be entertained of the exhausting effect of such a system upon the revenues of the nation. Nor is this all—each of these princes, taking example by his father or grandfather, must have a huge harem filled with women of all sorts—a perfect hot-house of profligacy, and a nursery for innumerable growing evils in the shape of more young Shazadehs. To estimate the expense of such harems would be scarcely possible, and still less so to calculate the extent of mischief they propagate. Not only are the established revenues of the country wasted to support these extravagant establishments, so that scarcely a toman reaches the royal treasury, but the peasantry are racked to the uttermost to supply the extortion of their rulers, and the still more exorbitant cravings of their unprincipled servants; and thus are the resources of the country fruitlessly exhausted, its agriculture destroyed, its commerce embarrassed and ob-

structed, the roads infested with robbers, security to person and property annihilated, and, above all, the morals of its people, by being subjected to a system of violence which generates a proneness to falsehood and deceit, become almost irrecoverably corrupted—all to feed the sensuality and vice of a race of royal drones, the most profligate and depraved, and the most noxious to their country, that, perhaps, any land and age have ever produced. The most obvious consequence of this state of things is a thorough and universal detestation of all the Kajar race. This was strongly enough expressed when I last passed through the country, but now it appears to be a prevalent feeling in every heart, and the theme of every tongue, excepting those of the immediate dependants of the royal family."

The Forget-Me-Not; a Christmas, New Year's, and Birthday Present for 1839. Edited by Frederic Shoberl. 12mo. pp. 360. London, 1839. Ackermann and Co.

THE nice little *Forget-Me-Not*, the eldest of the *Annals*, is this year well worthy of its name and popular favour. Eleven engravings are accompanied by a miscellany in prose and verse, contributed by well-known writers, and by others with whose productions we are not so familiar. The whole is an agreeable *mélange* of the grave and gay. From pieces by Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Abby, Mary Howitt, Major Campbell, Mr. Hesketh Fleetwood, Dr. R. S. Mackenzie, T. K. Hervey, C. Swain, &c. &c., it is not easy to select a specimen which could stand in the place of a general illustration of a volume so various; and we must, therefore, merely make an extract or two which will serve to speak for themselves, if not for the rest. A beautiful song by Miss M. A. Browne, will remind our readers of the early promise of that sweet and pathetic poetess, whose harp-strings we truly regret to see have been touched into sadness by the pressure of afflictions.

"Oh, for the days that have passed away,
The happy days of old!
When we scarcely wished glad hours to stay,
But hurried on, away, away,
The future to behold!
Oh, for the spirit's lightness,
Its fearless setting forth,
Armed only in its brightness,
To meet the ills of earth!
Then had we days unmixed with ill,
And nights of happy dreams;
And hearts too joyous to be still;
And all the power, and all the will,
To drink life's pleasant streams.
Not, not as we are now,
'Midst the chains we cannot burst,
Seeing the waters flow,
Yet perishing with thirst."

The "Cornish Wrecker," a tale by Lieut. Johns, will aptly supply our prose illustration. After a preface of local patriotism, Mr. Johns proceeds:—

"Deep was calling unto deep, the red lightning pointed like the finger of a destroying angel from out the thunder cloud, and the messenger of wrath revealed, amid the blackness of night, a doomed vessel contending with the breakers of a rocky shore. Rolling heavily, she ground her keel on the fatal reef that held her till the fires and winds of heaven and the rage of the foaming waves had done their worst, making a wreck of the good ship *Planter*, homeward-bound West Indian. The reader may, perhaps, tremble for the fate of the hapless mariners of that bark, even should they escape from 'the hell of waters' that surrounds them, our scene being laid on a wild part of the coast of Cornwall, where a throng of suspicious-looking fishermen and gaunt miners crowd the beach. The vessel is fast going to pieces; every wave that passes over her washes from his clinging

hold some despairing wretch, whose life-grasp yields to the suction of the retreating waters. The Cornish wreckers, joined hand in hand, are in the breakers. The foremost of each line, supported by those behind him, grasps at the senseless forms tossed amid the surge, or casting a rope to the swimmer whose strength is failing him, they rob the sea of its prey. Ere the ship broke up a hawser had been passed to her, by which many of her crew and passengers were saved; and every fire of the neighbouring cottages had its crowd of these sufferers, when their companions in misfortune, rescued at a later period of the wreck, arrived. Divers are the rude efforts to arouse consciousness in the apparently dead, and with what joy is the return of animation hailed by the wives and children of the fishermen! The men, when they have deposited their burdens of suffering humanity, again repair to the beach; but now it is too evident that the sea no longer supports on its troubled wave aught of the victims of shipwreck but the swollen and mangled corpse. The bale, the wine-cask, the shattered timber, and the broken spar, chests, crates, and cases, are dashed on the shore by the rushing tide, but no more of human life is there to be rescued. This night Sythney Cove has lost one of the boldest of its fishermen; and on the morrow a name will be called at the neighbouring mine which will be answered only by the wail of the widow and the cry of the orphan. Two of the rescuers have perished. While a single human being was to be saved, bravely did the wreckers struggle with the waters; but now they conceive that they have won their reward, and truth obliges us to present a degraded picture of those who have as yet deserved our warmest approbation. A scene not less grotesque than picturesque is displayed on that shore. Boxes and packages are broken open; wearing apparel, and goods of divers kinds, are scattered on the beach. Fires are lighted, wine and spirit-casks spiled; while men, and even boys, drink from buckets, hats, and shoes, till each puncheon has a group of noisy Bacchanals around it. Now come the galloping yeomanry, hastily called out; the excisemen, the custom-house officers, and their assistants, together with the posse comitatus of neighbouring gentry. After a few sharp contests with the wreckers, some little attention is ensured to the rights of property; and by day-break, large piles of goods saved are heaped on the beach, guarded by the sailors of a revenue-cutter on the station, and the dismounted yeomanry. Such was the wreck of the Planter, West Indian, in the winter of 179—, on the coast of Cornwall. But we must leave for a while the crowded strand, and turn our attention towards a cottage, where an elderly matron and a fair girl, whose beauty would have graced a prouder dwelling, were awaiting the return of Hannibal Strike, who had been all night abroad. The woman, in her short cotton jacket, woollen petticoat, and check apron, looked well the fisher's wife, as she was impatiently gazing from the door into the early dawn, fancying every wayfarer that approached from the direction of the wreck him whom she sought; but a nearer view would convince her that she beheld not the stalwart form, gray head, and embrowned visage, of one of the boldest fishermen, the best of pilots, and withal the most determined wrecker, on that part of the coast, for such was the character of her husband. Scarcely less anxious than the expectant wife was her companion, though the poor girl could claim no other relationship with Hannibal than those kindred ties which arose out of gratitude on the one side, and generous protection on the

other. Some ten years before our tale commences, a shopkeeper in the neighbouring town, with whom our fisherman occasionally dealt for groceries, whenever a lucky pilchard season or other speculation allowed of his treating his good dame with such luxuries, had died insolvent, leaving an orphan girl totally unprovided for. Strike was one of the last belonging to the neighbourhood who was informed of this occurrence; he happening to have been absent just then, ill-natured people declared not for the purpose of passing goods through the custom-house, though several of the gentry within a few miles of Hannibal's abode, had requested him to leave in their back premises certain ankens of Schiedam, 'any time after nightfall, at his earliest convenience.' We do not mean to hold the fisherman up as an example of propriety to all the meddlers with salt water along the coast of England: though we will not allow shameless libels on the character of Cornishmen to go forth unrefuted, we must not hide the fact that our hero, in common with most of his friends and neighbours, was more than suspected of doing a little smuggling. Nevertheless, Hannibal was a warm-hearted kind fellow, who could not hear of distress without trying to relieve it, unless, indeed, underwriters were the afflicted parties: and he forthwith took possession of the only property the grocer left behind him, which the creditors did not covet, and brought home little Mary Harvey, as a playmate for his son, who was about four years her senior. Well was his charitable act rewarded, when this boy, grown a stripling of fourteen, abandoned the home of his youth, and went forth a reckless adventurer, leaving to the child of the stranger those duties of filial love and obedience which he so cruelly forgot. The cottage of Hannibal Strike was not more than a mile from the beach where the wreck of the merchantman had caused the scene we have attempted to describe. The fisherman, as usual, had been the first to save life, and the last to cease plundering that which the prejudice of custom led him to consider lawful spoil; and now, as morning dawned, little thinking of those at home anxious for his safety, he was watching a small box or case which, though sufficiently buoyant to be raised on the crest of the wave, would again provokingly become lost in the trough of the sea; now appearing as if the next breaker would cast it at his feet, and then swept away just as the wrecker thought the prize within his grasp. During the night more than once had Hannibal saved life at imminent peril to himself; he had afterwards secured about his person several valuables which chance had cast in his way: and then taken his share in the tussle with the authorities; and now, could he but obtain that tempting case, he had prudently determined to make the best of his way to his cottage. A huge roller at length dashed the wished-for treasure far on the beach; in an instant the wrecker seized it, and, placing it on his shoulders, commenced his retreat, congratulating himself that an abutment of the cliff had, as he thought, saved him from the observation of some sailors belonging to the cutter, then guarding a pile of goods about five hundred yards distant. Hannibal, however, had not proceeded far along the beach, when a rough grasp on his shoulder, and a blow from the flat of a cutlass, made him drop his load and turn on his assailants, who were no other than Mr. Smart, a revenue-officer, and Dick Stretcher, his coxswain. 'Now, Hannibal Strike, you old vagabond! if I don't get you sent across the seas for this, never trust me!' cried the blustering official. 'No sure, sir,

you won't,' doggedly replied the fisherman; 'and, if it warn't for them pistols, and that bit of bright iron, you shouldn't rob me of what the sea gave me. Fath and troth, you shouldn't. Arn't I saved two lives this blessed night? There's the old man up at the Dolphins; and the young vellow they thought was dead, and I dragged out of the wash of the waves—didn't Jan Pentreath tell me that his old 'oman and Gracy Dolcooth had brought un to life again? Not that I care to tell 'ee what I've done—I only mean I've earned my right to what I've got; and more than that, I seed nobody laid hand on a thing while life was to be saved; and a wreck's a god-send to the coast; and so it was in my vayther's time, and his vayther's afore him.' Smart responded to this plausible defence of wrecking with a sneer, ordered his coxswain to seize the case, and, coolly telling Hannibal he knew where to find him, would have walked off, but the old man caught him by the arm, and, as if reckless of consequences, said:—'Afore you go, Mr. Smart, first take a few words from Hannibal Strike. You say you know where to find me, please sure I believe 'ee do—case why?—you comes there for no good. But, whether you 'forms against me or no—if I see you a skulking about my door, trying to make a poor girl like my Mally forget her virtue, dang it if I doant make 'ee feel the weight of an old man's hand.' The party addressed seemed to wince under the stern gaze of the wrecker, but at length broke away with an impatient oath at his impertinence, and an assurance that the vengeance of the law should reach him for his morning's work. He would have secured Hannibal on the spot, but two or three stragglers were approaching, and the revenue-officer, by a constant harsh exercise of his always unpopular duties, had few friends among the fishermen; thus he might calculate on being opposed rather than assisted by the newcomers. Smart, who was a good-looking but unprincipled man, prided himself much on his intrigues. Long had he sought to lure Mary from the path of innocence, and his enmity to Hannibal Strike arose from a conviction that the honest counsel of the old man had been the cause of his having failed in his designs."

The old gentleman at the Dolphin, Mr. Mortman, a wealthy planter, dies in spite of all the care bestowed upon him; and old Hannibal is imprisoned for helping himself to the wrecked box.

"Accompanied by his wife and adopted daughter, Hannibal was now taken to the house of the principal magistrate. Here he was ushered into a room, where he found several of the town dignitaries assembled round a young man of gentlemanly exterior, reclining on a sofa, earnestly talking to a very attentive auditory. On the entrance of Strike he attempted to spring from his couch, but, as if through weakness, again fell into a recumbent posture. 'The owner of the box you are charged with having taken,' said one of the gentlemen, pointing to the stranger, who was no other than the individual whom we left in Mally Pentreath's cottage, but who, as 'un Gracy' had prophesied, was soon removed thence to much better quarters. 'I humbly beg his honour's pardon,' answered the wrecker; 'but I only took what the sea hove up, and what—As sure as a gun, if it arn't the young vellow I dragged from the water!' cried Hannibal, turning suddenly to his wife, who, with Mary, had been permitted to follow him into the room. The fisherman's delight that he was now, as he considered himself, safe from

prosecution, seeing that he had saved the life of the owner of the box, was soon lost in astonishment as he beheld the fixed gaze of his wife directed towards the young man, who had again risen from the sofa, and was approaching her. His wonder was complete when his good dame, with a startling scream, flung herself into the gentleman's arms, and wept aloud. The hand which the stranger held out to Hannibal was most respectfully taken, and retained for a few moments with an air of bewilderment, till Nanny Strike's face, streaming with tears, was raised, and, at length, finding words to express her joy, she exclaimed:—"O Hannibal, don't ee know him? he is our son!" The father and husband was now the most affected of the party, as Harry Strike knelt for the old man's blessing and forgiveness. Mary, too, was not an uninterested spectator of the scene, and soon took her position in the family group, when details, too long for our limits, explained that the young adventurer had been found by Mr. Mortram a poor ill-treated cabin-boy, in a ship where that gentleman happened to be a passenger; that he rescued the lad from the brutal treatment of his master, and placed him at a school in New York. There the reports of his preceptors as to his natural abilities and good conduct so delighted his benefactor, that, becoming more and more attached to him, the childless planter ultimately adopted him as his son. Education had not exhibited its effects in mental development without touching the heart of the truant wanderer. Ere Mr. Mortram made Harry his companion to Barbadoes, prior to his proposed removal to England, perfect confidence existed between the young man and his patron. The latter had contemplated with much satisfaction the reconciliation of the lost son to his parents, and had promised his *protégé* that he would speedily put it in his power to compensate, in some degree, to the authors of his being for past forgetfulness. Harry Strike lamented the death of Mr. Mortram most bitterly, for he had fully appreciated the kindness bestowed on him; but, though great was the damp thus cast on the happiness he experienced at being reunited to his family, a more immediate distress arose from the charge which still rested on his father. The magistrates, who had been sympathising spectators of the scene described, consulted on the matter, and declared they could not interfere with the due course of justice, as Mr. Smart continued to press the commitment of the fisherman for having stolen property when under the protection of his men. Happily, the next day, it was discovered, by Harry's instrumentality, that the box, which contained papers of consequence, bore marks and appearance exactly similar to another, which, after some search, was discovered to be still in the possession of the revenue-officers. Hannibal was thus exonerated from the graver charge which had been preferred against him, and as to the offence of wrecking, it would have been invidious to make a solitary example of him. Mr. Smart very prudently procured his removal from that part of the coast; Hannibal Strike and his wife lived for many years in a commodious cottage not far from the scene of the wreck; their son Harry, who had purchased property in a mid-land county, in vain endeavoured to persuade the old couple to leave a locality endeared to them by the memories of past days. But the pretty Mary Harvey was not quite so inexorable: after the lapse of two years, which were not idly spent in preparing herself for the superior position which she was invited to share, she became the wife of Harry Mortram. The

name of Strike is now extinct, and we can assure the reader that we do not depart from truth out of delicacy to the feelings of his descendants in saying that Hannibal Strike, for the rest of his life, strictly adhered to the 'new-vangled' law of meum and tuum. Though, when there happened to be a wreck within ten miles of his cottage, the old man was sure to be there, if it was merely as a spectator. Yet still, as a matter of argument, to the day of his death he held the opinion of his fathers, that there was 'no harm in taking what the sea threw on the shore.'

We have rather injured this story by its abridgement; but that duty was forced upon us, and we can only repair the fault so far as to recommend the whole to perusal, as well as the neat pretty volume which contains it. We may mention with commendation another prose story, by a writer whom we should be glad to see oftener in the field. "The Lady Olivia and the Traveller" (by the author of "The Reformer,") is of a pleasingly original turn, and is prettily concluded. One opinion of the author is, we think, exceedingly heterodox. He asserts that "talented women are disagreeable creatures." Now, not to object to the vile phrase, *talented*, we would like to know what sort of talent a person must have met with to entertain this notion? Surely not true talent—not talent of a right kind. True talent renders men agreeable and valuable: why should it render woman the reverse?

History of the Indian Tribes of North America, with Biographical Sketches and Anecdotes of the Principal Chiefs. Embellished with One Hundred and Twenty Portraits from the Indian Gallery in the Department of War, at Washington. Nos. II., III., IV., and V. Folio. London, 1838. Campbell.

WE have sadly neglected this truly important national work, of which two or three parts have been on our table for some months, marked for extract, but they have been passed over for various reasons; during the coronation, we liked not to turn from faces beaming with joy and gladness to the pictured features of a race of men whom war and plunder have driven from lands over which they were born rulers, but on which they are now scarcely allowed a miserable footing. Our attention was then diverted from them by the British Association, but the appearance of the fifth part has again recalled the work to our attention, and we, at length, hasten to pay it that renewed tribute of praise which its great merits so justly deserve. Of a tribe of men who exercised a most extraordinary influence over the early fates of such a nation as America, every particular must be of paramount interest, and when that information is of so sterling a character as in the work before us, it is impossible to value such additions to our historical knowledge too highly.

There has been some correspondence between the proprietors of this and those of another (though much inferior) work of the same kind; but as the latter has been discontinued, we do not think it advisable to do more than mention the circumstance.

Of the present parts of the *History of the Indian Tribes*, we have to speak in the same terms as we spoke of their predecessor when it made its welcome appearance in London. We may add, that that praise ought, indeed, to be increased. The excellent good faith which has been kept in the regularity of publishing, and the uniformity of design in the work, are highly creditable to the proprietors and publisher.

We quote an interesting account of an Indian, which is peculiarly suited to our pages. His name was Sequoyah, and he was the inventor of the Cherokee alphabet; his portrait is that of a mild and placid man, of moderate intellectual power and tolerably good looks.

"At an early period in the settlement of our colonies, the Cherokees received with hospitality the white men who went among them as traders; and having learned the value of articles of European fabric, became, in some measure, dependent upon this traffic. Like other Indians, they engaged in hostilities against us, when it suited their convenience, or when stimulated by caprice or the love of plunder. But as our settlements approached, and finally surrounded them, they were alike induced by policy, and compelled by their situation, to desist from their predatory mode of life, and became, comparatively, inoffensive neighbours to the whites. The larger number continued to subsist by hunting, while a few engaged in agriculture. Inhabiting a fertile country, in a southern climate, within the limits of Georgia, their local position held out strong temptations to white men to settle among them as traders, and many availed themselves of these advantages. With the present object of carrying on a profitable traffic, and the ulterior view of acquiring titles to large bodies of land, they took up their residence among the Indians, and intermarried with the females of that race. Some of these were prudent, energetic men, who made themselves respected, and acquired influence, which enabled them to rank as head men, and to transmit the authority of chiefs to their descendants. Many of them became planters, and grew wealthy in horses and cattle, and in negro slaves, which they purchased in the southern states. The only art, however, which they introduced, was that of agriculture; and this but few of the Indians had the industry to learn and practise, further than in the rude cultivation of small fields of corn by the squaws. In this condition they were found by the missionaries who were sent to establish schools, and to introduce the Gospel. The half-breeds had now become numerous; many of them were persons of influence, using with equal facility the respective tongues of their civilised and savage ancestors, and desirous of procuring for their children the advantages they had but partially enjoyed themselves. By them the missionaries were favourably received, their exertions encouraged, and their schools sustained; but the great mass of the Cherokees were as little improved by these as other portions of the race have been by similar attempts. Sequoyah, or, as he is commonly called, George Guess, is the son of a white man, named Gist, and of a female who was of the mixed blood. The latter was perfectly untaught and illiterate, having been reared in the wigwam in the laborious and servile habits of the Indian women. She soon became either a widow or a neglected wife, for in the infancy of George, we hear nothing of the father, while the mother is known to have lived alone, managing her little property, and maintaining herself by her own exertions. That she was a woman of some capacity, is evident from the undeviating affection for herself with which she inspired her son, and the influence she exercised over him, for the Indians have naturally but little respect for their female relations, and are early taught to despise the character and the occupations of women. Sequoyah seems to have had no relish for the rude sports of the Indian boys, for when quite young he would often stroll off alone into the woods, and employ himself in building little houses with sticks, evincing thus early an ingenuity which

directed itself towards mechanical labours. At length, while yet a small boy, he went to work of his own accord, and built a milk-house for his mother. Her property consisted chiefly in horses and cattle, that roamed in the woods, and of which she owned a considerable number. To these he next turned his attention, and became expert in milking the cows, straining the milk, and putting it away with all the care and neatness of an experienced dairy-man. He took care of the cattle and horses, and when he grew to a sufficient size, would break the colts to the saddle and harness. Their farm comprised only about eight acres of cleared ground, which he planted in corn, and cultivated with the hoe. His mother was much pleased with the skill and industry of her son, while the neighbours regarded him as a youth of uncommon capacity and steadiness. In addition to her rustic employments, the active mother opened a small traffic with the hunters; and Sequoyah, now a hardy stripling, would accompany these rough men to the woods, to make selections of skins, and bring them home. While thus engaged he became himself an expert hunter; and thus added, by his own exertions, to the slender income of his mother. When we recollect that men who live on a thinly populated frontier, and especially savages, incline to athletic exercises, to loose habits, and to predatory lives, we recognise in these pursuits of the young Sequoyah, the indications of a pacific indisposition, and of a mind elevated above the sphere in which he was placed. Under more favourable circumstances he would have risen to a high rank among intellectual men. The tribe to which he belonged, being in the habit of wearing silver ornaments, such as bracelets, arm-bands, and brooches, it occurred to the inventive mind of Sequoyah, to endeavour to manufacture them; and without any instruction he commenced the labours of a silversmith, and soon became an expert artisan. In his intercourse with white men he had become aware that they possessed an art, by means of which a name could be impressed upon a hard substance, so as to be comprehended at a glance, by any who were acquainted with this singular invention; and being desirous of identifying his own work, he requested Charles Hicks, afterwards a chief of the Cherokees, to write his name. Hicks, who was a half-blood, and had been taught to write, complied with his desire, but spelled the name George Guess, in conformity with its usual pronunciation, and this has continued to be the mode of writing it. Guess now made a die, containing a facsimile of his name, as written by Hicks, with which he stamped his name upon the articles which he fabricated. He continued to employ himself in this business for some years; and in the meanwhile turned his attention to the art of drawing. He made sketches of horses, cattle, deer, houses, and other familiar objects, which at first were as rude as those which the Indians draw upon their dressed skins, but which improved so rapidly as to present, at length, very tolerable resemblances of the figures intended to be copied. He had, probably, at this time never seen a picture or an engraving, but was led to these exercises by the stirrings of an innate propensity for the imitative arts. He became extremely popular. Amiable, accommodating, and unassuming, he displayed an industry uncommon among his people, and a genius which elevated him in their eyes into a prodigy. They flocked to him from the neighbourhood, and from distant settlements, to witness his skill, and to give him employment; and the untutored Indian gazed with astonishment at

one of his own race who had spontaneously caught the spirit, and was rivaling the ingenuity, of the civilised man. The females, especially, were attracted by his manners and his skill, and lavished upon him an admiration which distinguished him as the chief favourite of those who are ever quicksighted in discovering the excellent qualities of the other sex. These attentions were succeeded by their usual consequences. Genius is generally united with ambition, which loves applause, and is open to flattery. Guess was still young, and easily seduced by adulation. His circle of acquaintance became enlarged, the young men courted his friendship, and much of his time was occupied in receiving visits, and discharging the duties of hospitality. On the frontier there is but one mode of evincing friendship or repaying civility—drinking is the universal pledge of cordiality, and Guess considered it necessary to regale his visitors with ardent spirits. At first his practice was to place the bottle before his friends, and to leave them to enjoy it, under some plea of business or disinclination. An innate dread of intemperance, or a love of industry, preserved him for some time from the seductive example of his revelling companions. But this caution subsided by degrees, and he was at last prevailed upon to join in the bacchanalian orgies provided by the fruits of his own industry. His laborious habits thus broken in upon, soon became undermined, his liberality increased, and the number of his friends was rapidly enlarged. He would now purchase a keg of whisky at a time, and, retiring with his companions to a secluded place in the woods, become a willing party to those boisterous scenes of mad intoxication which form the sole object and the entire sum of an Indian revel. The common effect of drinking, upon the savage, is to increase his ferocity, and sharpen his brutal appetite for blood; the social and enlivening influence ascribed to the cup by the Anacreontic song, forms no part of his experience. Drunkenness, and not companionship, is the purpose in view, and his deep potations, imbibed in gloomy silence, stir up the latent passions that he is trained to conceal, but not to subdue. In this respect as in most others, Sequoyah differed from his race. The inebriating draught, while it stupified his intellect, warmed and expanded his benevolence, and made him the best-natured of sots. Under its influence he gave advice to his comrades, urging them to forgive injuries, to live in peace, and to abstain from giving offence to the whites, or to each other. When his companions grew quarrelsome, he would sing songs to amuse them, and while thus musically employed would often fall asleep. Guess was in a fair way of becoming an idle, a harmless, and a useless vagabond; but there was a redeeming virtue in his mind, which enabled it to react against temptation. His vigorous intellect foresaw the evil tendencies of idleness and dissipation, and becoming weary of a life so uncongenial with his natural disposition, he, all at once, gave up drinking, and took up the trade of a blacksmith. Here, as in other cases, he was his own instructor, and his first task was to make for himself a pair of bellows; having effected which, he proceeded to make hoes, axes, and other of the most simple implements of agriculture. Before he went to work in the year 1820, he paid a visit to some friends residing at a Cherokee village on the Tennessee river, during which a conversation occurred on the subject of the art of writing. The Indians, keen and quick-sighted with regard to all the prominent points of difference between them-

selves and the whites, had not failed to remark, with great curiosity and surprise, the fact that what was written by one person was understood by another, to whom it was delivered, at any distance of time or place. This mode of communicating thoughts, or of recording facts, has always been the subject of much inquiry among them; the more intelligent have sometimes attempted to detect the imposition, if any existed, by shewing the same writing to different persons; but finding the result to be uniform, have become satisfied that the white men possess a faculty unknown to the Indians, and which they suppose to be the effect of sorcery, or some other supernatural cause. In the conversation alluded to, great stress was laid on this power of the white man—on his ability to put his thoughts on paper, and send them afar off to speak for him, as if he who wrote them was present. There was a general expression of astonishment at the ingenuity of the whites, or rather at their possession of what most of those engaged in the conversation considered as a distinct faculty or sense, and the drift of the discussion turned upon the inquiry whether it was a faculty of the mind, a gift of the Great Spirit, or a mere imposture. Guess, who had listened in silence, at length remarked, that he did not regard it as being so very extraordinary. He considered it an art, and not a gift of the Great Spirit, and he believed he could invent a plan by which the red men could do the same thing. He had heard of a man who had made marks on a rock, which other white men interpreted, and he thought he could also make marks which would be intelligible. He then took up a whetstone, and began to scratch figures on it with a pin, remarking, that he could teach the Cherokees to talk on paper like white men. The company laughed heartily; and Guess remained silent during the remainder of the evening. The subject that had been discussed was one upon which he had long and seriously reflected, and he listened with interest to every conversation which elicited new facts, or drew out the opinions of other men. The next morning he again employed himself in making marks upon the whetstone, and repeated, that he was satisfied he could invent characters, by the use of which the Cherokees could learn to read. Full of this idea, he returned to his own home, at Will's Town, in Will's Valley, on the southern waters of the Coosa river, procured paper, which he made into a book, and commenced making characters. His reflections on the subject had led him to the conclusion, that the letters used in writing represented certain words or ideas, and being uniform, would always convey to the reader the same idea intended by the writer—provided the system of characters which had been taught to each was the same. His project, therefore, was to invent characters which should represent words; but after proceeding laboriously for a considerable time in prosecution of this plan, he found that it would require too many characters, and that it would be difficult to give the requisite variety to so great a number, or to commit them to memory after they should be invented. But his time was not wasted; the dawn of a great discovery was breaking upon his vision; and although he now saw the light but dimly, he was satisfied that it was rapidly increasing. He had imagined the idea of an alphabet, and convinced himself of the practicability of framing one to suit his own language. If it be asked why he did not apply to a white man to be taught the use of the alphabet already in existence, rather than resort to the hopeless task of inventing another, we reply, that he probably

acted upon the same principle which had induced him to construct instead of buying a pair of bellows, and had led him to teach himself the art of the blacksmith, in preference to applying to others for instruction. Had he sought information it is not certain he could have obtained it, for he was surrounded by Indians as illiterate as himself, and by whites who were but little better informed; and he was possessed, besides of that self-reliance which renders genius available, and which enabled him to appeal with confidence to the resources of his own mind. He now conceived the plan of making characters to represent sounds, out of which words might be compounded—a system in which single letters should stand for syllables. Acting upon this idea, with his usual perseverance, he worked diligently until he had invented eighty-six characters, and then considered that he had completely attained his object. While thus engaged he was visited by one of his intimate friends, who told him he came to beg him to quit his design, which had made him a laughing-stock to his people, who began to consider him a fool. Sequoyah replied that he was acting upon his own responsibility, and as that which he had undertaken was a personal matter, which would make fools of none beside himself, he should persevere. Being confirmed in the belief that his eighty-six characters, with their combinations, embraced the whole Cherokee language, he taught them to his little daughter, Ahoykah, then about six years of age. After this he made a visit to Colonel Lowry, to whom, although his residence was but three miles distant, he had never mentioned the design which had engaged his constant attention for about three years. But this gentleman had learned, from the tell-tale voice of rumour, the manner in which his ingenious neighbour was employed, had regretted the supposed misapplication of his time, and participated in the general sentiment of derision with which the whole community regarded the labours of the once popular artisan, but now despised alphabet-maker. 'Well,' said Colonel Lowry, 'I suppose you have been engaged in making marks.' 'Yes,' replied Guess; 'when a talk is made, and put down, it is good to look at it afterwards.' Colonel Lowry suggested, that Guess might have deceived himself, and that, having a good memory, he might recollect what he had intended to write, and suppose he was reading it from the paper. 'Not so,' rejoined Guess; 'I read it.' The next day Colonel Lowry rode over to the house of Guess, when the latter requested his little daughter to repeat the alphabet. The child, without hesitation, recited the characters, giving to each the sound which the inventor had assigned to it, and performing the task with such ease and rapidity, that the astonished visitor, at its conclusion, uttered the common expression—'Yoh!' with which the Cherokees express surprise. Unwilling, however, to yield too ready an assent to that which he had ridiculed, he added, 'It sounds like Muscogee, or the Creek language;' meaning to convey the idea that the sounds did not resemble the Cherokee. Still there was something strange in it. He could not permit himself to believe that an illiterate Indian had invented an alphabet, and, perhaps, was not sufficiently skilled in philology to bestow a very careful investigation upon the subject. But his attention was arrested; he made some further inquiry, and began to doubt whether Sequoyah was the deluded schemer which others thought him. The truth was, that the most complete success had attended this extraor-

dinary attempt, and George Guess was the Cadmus of his race. Without advice, assistance, or encouragement—ignorant alike of books and of the various arts by which knowledge is disseminated—with no prompter but his own genius, and no guide but the light of reason, he had formed an alphabet for a rude dialect, which, until then, had been an unwritten tongue! It is only necessary to state, in general, that, subsequently, the invention of Guess was adopted by intelligent individuals engaged in the benevolent attempt to civilise the Cherokees; and it was determined to prepare types for the purpose of printing books in that tongue. Experience demonstrated that Guess had proved himself successful, and he is now justly esteemed the Cadmus of his race. The conception and execution are wholly his own. Some of the characters are in form like ours of the English alphabet; they were copied from an old spelling-book that fell in his way, but have none of the powers or sounds of the letters thus copied. * * * Guess completed his work in 1821. Several of his maternal uncles were at that time distinguished men among the Cherokees. Among them was Keahatahee, who presided over the beloved town, Echota, the town of refuge, and who was one of two chiefs who were killed by a party of fourteen people, while under the protection of a white flag, at that celebrated place. One of these persons observed to him, soon after he had made his discovery, that he had been taught by the Great Spirit. Guess replied, that he had taught himself. He had the good sense not to arrogate to himself any extraordinary merit, in a discovery which he considered as the result of an application of plain principles. Having accomplished the great design, he began to instruct others; and, after teaching many to read and write, and establishing his reputation, he left the Cherokee nation in 1822, and went on a visit to Arkansas, where he taught those of his tribe who had emigrated to that country. Shortly after, and before his return home, a correspondence was opened between the Cherokees of the west and those of the east of the Mississippi, in the Cherokee language. In 1823, he determined to emigrate to the west of the Mississippi. In the autumn of the same year, the general council of the Cherokee nation passed a resolution, awarding to Guess a silver medal, in token of their regard for his genius, and of their gratitude for the eminent service he rendered to his people. The medal, which was made at Washington city, bore on one side two pipes, on the other a head, with this inscription—'Presented to George Gist, by the General Council of the Cherokee nation, for his ingenuity in the invention of the Cherokee Alphabet.' The inscription was the same on both sides, except that on one it was in English, and on the other in Cherokee, and in the characters invented by Guess. It was intended that this medal should be presented at a council, but two of the chiefs dying, John Ross, who was now the principal chief, being desirous of the honour and gratification of making the presentation, and not knowing when Guess might return to the nation, sent it to him with a written address. Guess has never since revisited that portion of his nation which remains upon their ancient hunting grounds, east of the Mississippi. In 1828, he was deputed as one of a delegation from the western Cherokees, to visit the president of the United States, at Washington, when the likeness which we have copied was taken. The name which this individual derived from his father

was, as we have seen, George Gist; his Indian name, given him by his mother, or tribe, is Sequoyah; but we have chosen to use chiefly in this article that by which he is popularly known—George Guess."

Robertson's Letters on Paraguay.

[Third notice.]

IN pursuing our account of this work, we must try back; for, though we jumped on to Paraguay in our first notice, there were some things on the road which it would be balking our readers to pass unnoticed. Thus, for example, an evening bath at Santa Fé.

"Twilight was just beginning to cast her shades over the Santa Feccinos, and the moon rose in great splendour above the horizon, to shew that her silver beams would soon turn the coming night into serene day. There is a lustre and magnificence, a brilliant yet placid glory, in the moonlight of those regions of unclouded sky, and atmosphere uncontaminated by fogs, that to be appreciated must be enjoyed. The family party now, instead of being congregated, as after the siesta, under the porch, was grouped in the patio, and increased by the advent of many friends and neighbours of both sexes. They were all going to bathe in the glassy stream that laves the green-swarded banks by which it gently glides. Don Luis asked me to accompany them; and, though it was certainly new to me, and seemed not a little odd, that I should be invited, with others of my own sex, to accompany the ladies to their bath, I never doubted we were to part company at the water's edge. I, of course, consented to become one of so novel and interesting a party; and forth we sallied. The ladies were attended by a great many female slaves, bearing their mistresses' wearing apparel. As we moved onward, *en masse*, many was the joke, and loud the laugh, which cheered us on our way. Much too plain and primitive, however, for reiteration, was the language in which the whole conversation was couched. At length the shining river arose upon our view, its waters rippling and dimpling under the dancing beams of the moon. But guess, my friend, if you can, my astonishment, when, on reaching the banks, I saw the Santa Feccina Naiads, who had taken to the stream before our arrival, bandying their jokes in high glee with the gentlemen who were bathing a little way above them. It is true they were all dressed, the ladies in white robes, and the gentlemen in white drawers; but there was in the exhibition something that ran rather counter to my preconceived notions of propriety and decorum. As I stood by, I saw the whole inhabitants of Santa Fé (for I suppose scarcely one was left in the houses) carry on their aquatic gambols as familiarly as if they had been whirling through the mazes of a quadrille. Merry-making, revelry, and laughter, were the order of the evening; and yet, from all I heard and saw, during much subsequent intercourse with this people, I verily believe that their bathing diversions were quite as innocent as a rigid Mussulman would think our European ball-room scenes to be. An over-rigid judgment passed by a foreigner on the inhabitants of Santa Fé, because of their mode of bathing, would be as unjustifiable, and as erroneous, as that of the Mahometan censor on the women of England, France, and America, because, like those in his country, they are not cooped up in the harem. At length, our party emerged from the water. The ladies were dressed with great dexterity by their maids; the wet bathing-clothes were collected; the hair, the long, beautiful tresses of black hair,

which had been kept up with a comb before the bath was taken, now floated in luxuriant abundance over the shoulders, and much under the waists of the Santa Feinas, as in slow procession they returned to their respective homes. They were careful not to walk too fast, that they might not lose the benefit of their refreshing dip; and when, on arrival at home, they assembled, in tertulia, at their porches, or in their patios, the hair, like a veil, continued to shroud almost every part of them but their face. They alleged that they could no otherwise have their tresses and ringlets dried before the hour of rest. Hereupon a good deal of conversation followed, as to the different habits of the ladies in Santa Fé and those in England; till a call to supper fortunately saved me from the embarrassment of answering some rather puzzling questions. The evening was closed in (notwithstanding the heat) with a hot supper, abundance of wine, more water-melons, and cigars; of which latter, I am sorry to say, the ladies partook with apparently the greatest relish.

A rich Gaucho is also a portrait worth copying.

"This prince of the Gauchos was a prince in nothing more than in that noble simplicity which characterised his whole deportment. He was too high in his own sphere of action to fear competition; too independent to condescend to civility for mere personal advantage; and too ingenuous to admit into his breast a thought of acting the hypocrite. He continued sitting on his horse, and kept up a familiar chit-chat with all around. Every now and then he lighted his cigar by striking fire with a flint and steel on tinder kept in a polished tip of horn, which was embossed with silver, and had a gold chain attached to it, by which the lid, or rather extinguisher, depended, while the horn was in use. As I looked at him I could not but admire his singularly handsome face and dignified mien. His small mouth, and strictly Grecian nose; his noble forehead, and fine head thinly strewn with silver locks; his penetrating blue eyes, and countenance as hale and ruddy as if he had spent his days in Norway, instead of riding over the Pampas, were all remarkable. Then, for his attire, according to the style and fashion of the country, it was magnificent. His poncho had been made in Peru, and, beside being of the richest material, was embroidered on a white ground in superb style. Beneath it he wore a jacket of the finest India cloth, covering a white satin waistcoat, which, like his poncho, was beautifully embroidered, and adorned with small gold buttons, each depending from a little link of chain of the same metal. He had no cravat, and the collar and front of his shirt displayed, upon fine French cambric, the richest specimens of tambouring which could be furnished in Paraguay. His lower vestment was of black velvet, open at the knees, and, like the waistcoat, adorned with gold buttons, depending also from little links of chain, evidently never intended for connexion with the button-holes. From under this part of his dress were to be seen the fringed and tamboured extremities of a pair of drawers, made of the fine Paraguay cloth. They were ample as a Turkoman's trousers, white as the driven snow, and hung down to the calf of the leg, just far enough to shew under them a pair of brown stockings, manufactured in Peru from the best Vicuña wool. The potro boots of Señor Candioti fitted his feet and ankles, as a French glove fits the hand, and the tops of them were turned over, so as to give them the air of bus-

kins. To these boots were attached a pair of unwieldy silver spurs, brightly polished. To complete his personal attire, the princely Gaucho wore a large Peruvian straw hat, with a black velvet band around it, while his waist was girded with a rich crimson sash of silk, serving the treble purpose of riding-belt, braces, and girdle for a huge knife in a morocco sheath, from which protruded a massive silver handle. Gorgeous as was the apparel of the rider, it was, if possible, outdone by the caparison of his horse. Here all was silver, elaborately wrought, and curiously inlaid. The peaks of the saddle, and the complicated head-piece of the bridle, were covered with the precious metal; the reins were embossed with it; and in the manufacture of the stirrups there must have been exhausted all the ingenuity of the best Peruvian silversmith, with at least ten pounds of plata pia (or virgin silver) to work upon. Such, in character and person, was Candioti, the patriarch of Santa Fé. To complete the sketch of him, I must give you some idea of his extraordinary and successful career in life; of how he became possessed of such a vast extent of territory; and how his flocks and herds increased till they greatly exceeded in number those of Jacob. Like him, Candioti waxed great and went forward, and grew until he became very great; and, like Abram, he was rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold. The town of Santa Fé was originally founded about 1563, by a very intrepid soldier, Juan de Garay, at the head of only eighty-six men. The establishment of a town on that spot was undertaken by order of Martin Saenz de Toledo, then governor of Paraguay, and with a view to extending the conquests and increasing the Indian subjects of Old Spain. In a short time, more than twenty-five hundred natives from the Pampas, Chaco, and other parts, submitted to Garay and his small band; and though many of them afterwards dispersed, and the town was subject to frequent attacks and inroads from hostile tribes of Indians, yet the conquest was maintained, and the settlement gradually increased in strength and numbers. But it was not till within the last seventy or eighty years that it attained to even its present importance; and to that it reached in a way so connected with Candioti's rise in the world, that its traffic, wealth, and population, such as they are, have run parallel with the fortunes of its patriarch, and have been essentially owing to his spirit, industry, activity, and indefatigable perseverance. Having in his youth, with a few mules for sale, made a short excursion into Peru, at a time when the mines of Potosi, and other parts of that country, were yielding a vast produce, Candioti saw how inadequate to the demand was the supply of those useful animals, for the purpose of conveying ores and merchandise, as well as passengers, over a rocky and arid country. Increasing numbers of them were also required for the purpose of carrying the produce of Paraguay to Cordova, Mendoza, San Luis, Tucuman, Salta, and other towns. Returning to Santa Fé, the sagacious speculator and observer invested the ten thousand dollars earned by his trip, in the purchase of an estate in the Enterrios, about thirty leagues from Santa Fé, on the opposite side of the river Paraná. He determined to give his chief attention to the breeding of mules for exportation to Peru. From this time forward he made an annual journey to that country; and every year a more successful one than that which had preceded. As he returned periodically to his native town, he regularly invested in new estates, contiguous to the old ones, and

in cattle upon them, the whole profit of his year's adventure. At that period of superabundance of land in South America, and, indeed, up to a much later period, the mode of purchasing an estate was not by paying so much a rood, an acre, a mile, or even a league for it; but simply by paying so much a head for the cattle upon it, and a trifling sum for the few fixtures, such, perhaps, as half-a-dozen mud huts, and as many corrals, in which to shut up the live stock. The general price then paid for each head of horned cattle was two shillings, and for each horse sixpence. An estate of five leagues in length, by two and a half in breadth, that is, of twelve and a half leagues, might have upon it, generally speaking, about eight thousand head of horned cattle, and fifteen thousand horses. The price of it, at the above-mentioned rates, would be,

For 8000 head of horned cattle, at 2s.	£8000
15,000 horses, at 6d.	375
Fixtures	100

Cost, therefore, of the stock and fixtures £1875

leaving the estate of twelve and a half square leagues, or thirty-seven and a half square miles, as a bonus to the purchaser. Now, if it be considered that Candioti's journeys to Peru, becoming every year more profitable, enabled him at last to buy in the year three or four such estates as that described above, it will soon be seen how his landed possessions must have extended; how his horned cattle, his horses, and his mules must have increased and multiplied; and how the man himself must have waxed 'exceeding great.'

[To be continued.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

Byron's Life, Letters, and Journals. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 735. London, 1838. Murray.

THIS volume, on a similar plan (in double columns, &c.) with the Poems of the noble author, is a most welcome companion to that publication. The whole text of Moore's two quartos is here given; and many notes and extracts from other writers serve to illustrate the great mass of matter thus pressed into comparatively so small a compass. Six portraits of Byron, between 1795 and 1816, his boyhood by Kay, and his bust by Thorwaldsen, and including Saunders, Westall, Phillips, and Harlowe, are engraved as a frontispiece; and a fine view of Newstead Abbey, as it was during his residence there, is an exquisite production. An Appendix of various matter, and ample index, complete the value of this most acceptable work. *The Oracle of Rural Life, an Almanack for Country Gentlemen, for 1839.* London, 1839. Baily and Co., B. B. King.

THIS is the first of the almanacks we have seen, and it is an exceedingly useful one for farmers, sportsmen, gardeners, &c. &c. Fairs, guides in gardening or farming, turf intelligence, miscellaneous matters and advice, &c., are added to the usual tables and lists; and there are, besides, a dozen or fourteen very pretty embellishments connected with the sports of the field and the labours of agriculture.

A Treatise on the Structure, Economy, and Diseases of the Ear (being the Essay for which the Fotheringillian Gold Medal was awarded by the Medical Society of London). By Geo. Pilcher. 8vo. pp. 324. London, 1838. Highley.

THIS very able and interesting treatise has had its character so clearly pronounced by superior authorities, that we shall limit our duty to the public record of their opinions. It is a very complete essay, and very excellently illustrated by numerous engravings.

The Student's Manual of Natural Philosophy. By Ch. Tomlinson. Pp. 624. London, 1838. Parker.

THIS Manual is eminently deserving of approbation, and we cannot recommend to the student a better guide to the many subjects of natural philosophy which its plan embraces. There is hardly a point in the whole system which he will not find clearly explained, and the information usefully and practically applied.

The Book of Royalty: Characteristics of British Palaces. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. The Drawings by W. Perring and J. Brown. Folio. London, 1838. Ackermann and Co.

A SERIES of coloured prints of all times: James and Charles I., Henry VIII., Queen Anne, Richards II. and III. and Queen Victoria, are accompanied by literary sketches by Mrs. Hall, whose ready pen has furnished such historical varieties, whether tragical or descriptive, and familiar as the subjects seemed to invite. We could have wished that the costume of the periods chosen had been more closely studied, for we are getting fastidious in these days, and must have such matters very correct in order to ensure the public approbation. In other respects the volume is pictorially gay looking, and its literature pleasant.

A Narrative of the Peninsular War. By Sir A. Leith Hay, K.H. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 451. London, 1839. Hearne.

SIR ANDREW HAY's opportunities for observation were so favourable, and his talent for making a good use of them so obvious, that we are not surprised at his volume reaching a third edition. The map with which it is illustrated is peculiarly acceptable at this time, when every newspaper tells us of Spanish affairs, most difficult to be understood without such assistance; and, in truth, not very readily to be comprehended with it.

Opinions of Learned and Eminent Men on the Truth, Style, and Importance of the Holy Bible. Pp. 365. (London, Rodd.)—An excellent, and, in some degree, a curious collection of opinions, in which the Earl of Rochester and Byron are brought in to give their testimonies in common with such authorities as Wesley, Wickliffe, Swift, Origen, and Jeremy Taylor. The whole is a valuable contribution to Christian literature.

Spectacle Secrets, by G. Cox. Pp. 66.—An exposure of quackery in quack opticians, and a recommendation of the author's own spectacles.

Complete French Grammar, by A. Ouffray. Pp. 130. (Stonehouse, the Author; London, Longman and Co.; Whitaker.)—A school book, in which the language is well explained.

The Organs of the Brain: a Comedy in Three Acts, from the German of Kotzebue. Translated by Lieut.-Col. Capadose. Pp. 68. (London, Bull.)—A satire upon phrenology and its professors; fitter for a short vaudeville than a longer drama.

My Mother's Stories; or, Traditions and Recollections. By Esther Copley. Pp. 252. (London, Houlston and Co.)—A sensible and useful little book, in which good precepts are inculcated on various ranks and conditions of life under various circumstances. The stories are six in number.

The Juvenile Poetical Library. Edited by Mrs. A. A. Watts. Pp. 244. (London, Longman and Co.)—Embellished by nine pretty engravings, this is a selection of sweet compositions, by many of the most popular poets of our time. The choice does credit to the taste and judgment of Mrs. Watts; for all the pieces are well calculated to improve the minds of readers of the age addressed (twelve and upwards), and lead them to explore the deeper mines of poetical beauty, whence they have been drawn.

Euclid's Elements, by J. R. Young. 18mo. pp. 250. (London, Souter.)—An edition designed for the junior class, in the Belfast College, by its mathematical professor, and extremely well calculated for their (or any other junior's) instruction.

Delineations Exemplifying the Philosophy of Christianity, &c., by Sarah Renou. Pp. 220. (London, H. Cunningham.)—This is a second edition, which says much for a work of its class. Making a good use of her reading, the author's letters are pleasing, and well adapted to their end, the inculcation of the gentler principles of Christianity.

An Essay towards a Science of Consciousness, &c., by J. L. Murphy. 12mo. pp. 338. (Stimpkin, Marshall, and Co.)—Mr. Murphy is disposed to think that man is moved by impulses, both in regard to feeling and action. The volume is filled with an immense quantity of odd and desultory matter, and some of it well worthy of more detailed consideration than it is in our power to bestow upon it here.

An Inquiry respecting Love as one of the Divine Attributes, by Thos. Gisborne, M.A. Prebendary of Durham. Pp. 165. (London, Cadell; Edinburgh, Blackwood.)—The origin of evil perplexes the author of this inquiry, and he applies his best logic to the question; we cannot say that he has removed the difficulties which attend it, and which have led to the production of thousands of volumes of controversy.

Truths from the West Indies, by Capt. S. Hodgson. Pp. 372. (London, W. Ball.)—The author, after drawing a sad and frightful picture of past slavish misery and oppression in the West Indies, contends that enough has not yet been done to improve their condition; and offers some considerations on their present state, with a view to point out what ought further to be provided in their behalf. Very strong censures and accounts of individual wrongs will be found in these pages.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, 17th October.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts—W. Blunt, Caius College; R. Burney, Christ's College; G. Cummins, St. John's College; *Bachelors of Arts*—L. H. Fitz-Gerald, St. John's College; F. Ensor, Downing College.

The following grace passed the Senate:—
To confer the degree of Doctor in Divinity by Royal Mandate on Mr. W. W. Wood, of Trinity College, the head-master of Harrow School.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

DRAMATIC SKETCHES, NO. V.

SCENE.—*A Library*—books labelled as for sale—the walls dimitted and desolate.—ELMERICK discovered scaling a Letter.—He speaks.

If to be nothing—being what I am,
Bankrupt in spirit! heart and mind insolvent!
Scourged like a menial from proud Fortune's gate—
Why to be nothing were superior!—
'T were independence—freedom from reproach!
For being nothing, what were left to dread?
No clamorous creditor's heart-shaking knock
Making home wretched; no corroding cares;
No pinching want; no food-denying pride!
Nothing! 'tis an inheritance to claim!
Come forth, old sword, that erst my father's arm
Led through a hundred fights to victory!
I give thee, sword, a conquest more complete—
A victory over self—and man's worst self—
His mounting passions,—reckless vanities,—
Imperious will,—and prodigal desires!
And for this boon I here demand of thee,
What benefactors evermore receive.
Nothing—but I would that I might dig my grave,
Why be it so!—thy help might purchase stone
To keep the bankrupt's core within its clay!
Or will the pamp'rd Churchyard call me vagrant,
And spurn these beggar-bones to soil less rich?
What then? Poor Nothingness!—whose Pride outlives
The life—the very life—it vain would yield.
—(Rapidly)—Come, Sexton, to thine office!
Thou Miser men call Life—hard Usurer—
That, for a few dark borrowed years, exacts
Eternity of payment—take this dust!
Thus do I rend the bond!

[As he lifts his sword, enter CLARA hastily and joyfully:
her feelings change instantly on seeing her father.]

CLARA. Father! my Father!—are you ill, dear Father?—
Indeed, I did not know you were so ill!—
My dear, dear Father! lean upon me, here:—
I have good news,—oh, most reviving news—
If I could think of aught but that you're ill—
I've blessed news, my Father!—even now
The people's shouts will lift it to thine ears!
Thy vessels, long deem'd lost, with all their crews,
And wealth to buy a princedom, are returned!
Yet still so pale!—is then my news not worth
One smile, dear your poor daughter—poor no more?
Even now they say the merchants are convened,
To offer thee most hearty gratulations,
And to elect thee—(a pause, he turns away)—Speak, oh,
speak to me!

Speak but one word!—thy silence tortures me!—
Come with smiles, and shall I hence with tears?
My dear, dear Father, I've not anger'd you!
—(Rapidly)—No, my sweet child, but I have angered One,
A kinder parent than I've been to thee!
And my ingratitude sank doubly keen
With every word thou utterest, my loved child!
Oh, thou All-Merciful, accept these tears,
This deep contrition, penitence, and prayer!
And oh, when erring Man forgets thy Law,—
To seek pardon for his wounded Pride—
To sacrifice his very soul for Pride—
And immolate Salvation for his Pride—
May—in that dark and most delirious hour—

Reflection, like an Angel, stay his arm,
And lead him to his knees in penitence!
[He kneels—his daughter embraces him, weeping.
Some close slowly. C. SWAIN.]

SKETCHES.

THE VAULT OF ST. MICHEL DE BORDEAUX.
Do you see, on the left hand there, quite close to the bridge, that immense church with the lofty tower, and the arms of the telegraph working on it? It is the Church of St. Michel.

In former days the living had less dread of the dead than they have now, and every church was surrounded by its cemetery even in the centre of the city. Half a century ago, however, our savans declared that there was the greatest possible danger in living near the tombs of those we had loved; and as savans never allow themselves to be wrong, it was judged necessary to trouble the repose of the dead throughout all France, and to throw their ashes far away from us. On this occasion it was, that the extraordinary virtue of the cemetery and vaults of St. Michel was proved; all the bodies buried under, or around, the church being found entire, and in a perfect state of preservation. A case of privilege was made for these dead bodies; they escaped the common trench into which the rest were thrown, and went to adorn the vault of the steeple.

The steeple, by an arrangement, of which examples are often found in Gothic architecture, is entirely separated from the church. It forms a tower of light construction, with a good deal of open work in it, and of considerable altitude. Formerly it was surmounted by a lofty spire, but this was destroyed by lightning during a storm.

To conduct visitors into the vault, the guide furnishes himself with a lamp, inclosed in a lantern to prevent it from being blown out. This common precaution has an important motive; before it was adopted, several serious accidents were caused by fright, for the light was more than once suddenly extinguished, when persons easily susceptible of alarm happened to be visiting the vault, and, finding themselves in the dark amidst such a number of dead bodies, they went into fits, &c.; whereas the lamp thus protected runs no chance of extinction, and seems to give a dim, uncertain light that adds much to the solemn effect of the scene. You go down by a narrow spiral staircase, taking leave of the light of day by degrees as you descend; and on arriving at the door of the vault you have nothing but the flickering light of the lamp to direct your steps. At the time when I visited it, we all of us fell over an object that we had not perceived in the dark—it was a body, which the banging-to of the door, when last closed, had thrown down, and which lay stretched across the entrance.

The vault, which is entirely under ground, is perfectly circular, and of a good pointed style; the only thing is, that it appears low, and the vaulting seems too near to you. This, however, is not the fault of the architect; it arises from the bottom having been raised. All the bodies that are not sufficiently entire to offer a certain degree of interest, were piled up upon it: you stand in it on a mass of human relics seventeen feet thick! All these arms, legs, bodies, and heads, form, notwithstanding, a tolerably compact soil; and the air that you breathe in the vault is fresh, light, and free from any deleterious exhalations. The bodies are all naked, upright against the wall; and are all paked, with the exception of part of their winding-sheets wrapped round their loins; but the cloth thus soiled with the dust of the tomb is hideous and disgusting. The corpses preserve

the attitudes which they had in their coffins; they have all a sombre earthy tint; but their features and the forms of their bodies have undergone no alteration. Some among them, vulgar bodies, strike your attention only by their perfect state of preservation; but there are others which various circumstances render remarkable. In the first place, there is a whole family poisoned, as the story goes, by the *ceps*, the fungous plants so dangerous and so dear to the true Bordelais. You can perfectly distinguish the resistance made by each individual of the family to the force of the poison; their faces are not composed in the calm of death; and their bodies are tortured and twisted by the convulsive pangs of their cruel agony. But among the whole family there is not a single trace of one elevated thought, they present nothing but the expression of physical suffering, and the fear of their last moment: the tomb has conveyed no dignity to their countenances, and they have all the look of a set of people who died as they were eating. We remarked here a negress, striking for the characteristic whiteness of her teeth and her woolly hair, which was very well preserved. With her black and hideous face, you might take her for Death in person, in the midst of her court. Further on were ranged the bodies of women who had died from that horrible complaint, cancer, their gaping wounds disclosing their lungs and hearts. A corpse that offered a melancholy spectacle to our eyes, was that of a youth about fifteen; it afforded the most appalling certitude that he was buried alive. The whole body is distorted by the action of his desperate efforts to force up the lid of his coffin; his knees are placed in violent opposition to his shoulders, half turned round, and his arms are twisted evidently by violence in an opposite direction. The unfortunate youth must have used one as a point of support, while with the other he struck the walls of his narrow prison; his hands are clenched and powerless; his head thrown back, following with the direction of his eyes, the movement of the arm that is raised up; and his countenance, full of intelligence, bears the pathetic impress of terror and despair. His throat is still swelled as if by his last horrible cry, doomed never to be heard. It is impossible not to stop before this poor young creature; one stands before his body with horror;—every one is struck with the idea that such may be his own fate; and the recollection of those agonising features can never be effaced from the mind. The rest of the bodies are less horrible. They shew you a man of lofty stature, with broad and brawny shoulders—a porter—one who was endowed with prodigious strength, and who fell a victim to it. They tell you that he made a bet to carry a load of 2500 pounds for half a league; and that he gained it; but that, on arriving at the end of the distance, he fell down dead, with his bowels torn open by the violent effort of his muscles. The rent commences at the chest and goes right down to the thighs; and the skin, which is exceedingly supple, is as thick as strong leather. This man ought to have been born in ancient Greece; he would have had honour paid to him during his life, and an altar, perhaps, raised to him after his death. By the side of the porter is placed General De Preissac,—another victim to a point of honour; he was killed by M. De Chalotais in a duel,—run through with a sword. It was a regular *coup de connaisseur* that finished the general, directed slightly downwards, and on the right breast. The skin has preserved, with the greatest exactness, the well-defined cut of the

three-edged blade, which was evidently one of those fine Boutteville blades such as has never been made since. When you look at such a clean wound, which destroys life without disfiguring the body, you see at once why the sword has always been the arm preferred by people of good taste. The principal wonder, however, of the vault of St. Michel is a body which was discovered in an exceedingly ancient tomb,—proved, upon authority, to have been buried for more than eight centuries. The form of this body, which is perfect in its proportions, is light and elegant; the whole contour is graceful; the lines of the head and shoulders are admirable, while the hands and feet are shaped most delicately. Nothing was ever so perfect and pure in form as this elegant corpse. It is lying down, and, by its natural position, you would say that it was a living being about to wake up again. The vault has been stated to be round, and the bodies standing upright one against the other: they are eighty-three in number, and ranged thus in a circle, appear exactly as if they had got hold of each others' hands. Just as you are coming out of the vault, if you give a last look at the *ensemble* of the place by the doubtful light of the lamp, you may think you see a ring of the dead dancing round in the dark. To such a place as this legends are not wanting; and the inhabitants of the neighbourhood affirm, that on the stormy nights which precede the festival of the dead (November 2), they can sometimes hear sounds issuing from the vault of St. Michel, which are impossible to be explained by natural causes.—From the *Journal des Débats*.

DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—We have entertained some doubts whether we should class our notice of *Charlemagne*, represented at this theatre, under our *dramatic* head; but considering that it could come under no title of a *literary* nature, nor appear as a sketch of society—that it had nothing to do with science, or learning, or the fine arts, or poetry, or biography, and was, in short, an incongruity belonging to no rational genus within the scope of our *Journal*, we thought it as well to call it "*Drama*" as any thing else, and let it stand where our readers would be most likely to find it. Rolando and Roncesvalles, the heroic and romantic Paladins of the great Charles and their chivalrous exploits, afford as tempting a subject for grand opera, music, scenery, and spectacle, as any within the range of poetry and tradition; and we are surprised that they have not been oftener brought upon the stage in all the varieties of theatrical exhibition. In the present instance the little we have of them is so garbled, and made subservient to stupid horse tricks, with the sameness of which in every sort of story one gets wonderfully tired, that the author might just as well have taken his theme from the "*Siege of Troy*," or the "*Tailors at Brentford*." With regard to Mr. Van Amburgh and his beasts, thrown in as a *finale* without any connexion with the plot whatever, it may be considered as a separate performance, and lauded or condemned accordingly on its own pretensions; but the horses are really fatiguing; eating their oats off one table or another, or ascending and descending a certain number of shelves in order to reach carrots, or hanging a limb at the word of command as if it were broken, or lying down so as to give the idea of a knacker's yard with embellishments;—can any sensible mind be entertained by the unvarying repetition of such mummeries, and the Circus usurping the honoured seat of the

National Drama? Such were the senseless shows which witnessed the utter prostration of the dramatic art, when Rome became brutalised, and sank into barbarism.

Charlemagne, then, is a series of unconnected scenes, meaningless and aimless, and the whole a show on the largest scale which the capacity of the house will admit. The scenery is splendid throughout, and many of the effects most picturesque and imposing; this is its only merit, except, perhaps, that it is not above two hours long, and we have suffered the insufferable dulness and fatigue of above three hours on former occasions of a similar kind. Were scenery, therefore, the sole end of the drama, instead of being one of its best accessories, we should have every praise to bestow on Messrs. Grieves and their assistants for their efforts on this occasion; but all the rest is so repugnant to taste and intellect, and all that is useful or honourable to dramatic character, we must deem this vile farrago of rubbish a disgrace even to the place where it has been produced.

Having been led, by recent circumstances, to consider the stage more worthy of the attention of a periodical like ours than for years past, we take leave to offer further observations upon its doings than we have been accustomed or thought it necessary to do during the time of its sore eclipse. We are ready to believe that this very expensive and monstrous trash at Drury Lane has been got up in despair, after the failure of such works as the *Maid of Palaiseau* (*Gazza Ladra*) to attract audiences. But why has that failed, with an orchestra such as has rarely, if ever, been surpassed in an English theatre, and a delightful cast of the opera, with Albertazzi, &c., such as is equally rare? Why, because the system of puffery and trickery with the most worthless things, has worn out the public patience and belief; so that when aught really meritorious is produced, it falls flat to the ground, and disappoints every favourable expectation justly formed of its success. The vast population of the metropolis does furnish an almost illimitable crowd of gulls; but even the million and a half of London may be exhausted, and then the reaction of quackery and falsehood is as certain as it is fatal to those who may have grown truculent for a season on their impudent practice. Such we reckon to be the case with this theatre, which seems, by this last exploit, to have entirely withdrawn itself from any thing like *dramatic* competition, and left the field unopposed to those noble, and now highly successful efforts, which have signalled the course of the rival house, and raised its manager to the proud rank and title of "*The Restorer of the National Drama*." Here, we see perseverance in a right cause as surely rewarded as obstinacy in an opposite line was certain to end in loss and defeat. The struggle was one of deep public concernment; and every lover of public character, morality, and decency, must rejoice that it has shaped its termination to the end now so distinct and certain. Labouring under considerable disadvantages, such as the absence of first-rate female genius, the prolonged ministrations to depraved tastes and consequent corruption of true feeling, the upspringing of minor theatres with many attractions, the diversion of great histrionic talent to these resorts and thus injuring the unity of the principal companies,—labouring, we repeat, under such disadvantages as these, one year of judicious, liberal, and honest endeavour behind the curtain, and, in our judgment, a yet more deserving, more virtuous, and more honest system of administration, in all that pertained to the friends of the drama before the curtain—

despising puff, resisting all false appearances and decoys, and discountenancing prodigality—the result has been the continual production of legitimate plays, refining and instructive; the encouragement of dramatic literature; the gradual return of banished families and modest females to their places, as well-pleased spectators; and the triumph of this gallant and hazardous undertaking in houses, even at this early part of the year, nightly overflowing. Assuredly, we do hope that the example will not be thrown away. Well as we wish Macready, and grateful as we are to him for what he has achieved, we cannot wish him to be left alone in his glory; but trust that other quarters may be found for the Drama to raise her drooping head, and hold a fair rivalry with Covent Garden in its excellent race.

Covent Garden.—The performances at Covent Garden, since the commencement of the season, have been incidentally noticed among our other and more general theatrical criticisms; but we would specifically call attention to their continued and increasing attraction. The house is full every night; and be it remembered that not one order has been given under Mr. Macready's management. As the press and the privileged list have never been interfered or tampered with, to suit the accidents of full or empty benches (a practice of derision and insult to every holder of such privileges, but who deserve the treatment if they will hold them on such terms), but have been admitted regularly, the same on the most crowded as on the most barren receipts, there is clearly no demonstration or expression of opinion here but what are real and genuine. The overflows, therefore, to such a performance as *The Tempest*, are tests by which fairly to try the great question of the national drama. And we congratulate the public on the verdict; for we could not anticipate that it could be otherwise, unless in a country whose people were lost to intelligence, and sunk into a barbaric want of taste and feeling. It seemed to us impossible, if the experiment were rightly tried (and we are thankful that the talent, enterprize, and courage has been found to try it), that the noblest flights of the human imagination, graced and identified by profound study and consummate art, and aided by every well-judged accessory which scenic illusion requires—it seemed to us impossible that it should not bear away the palm from senseless spectacle and brutal menageries. No sensible being or person of rationality could doubt that, in the end, reason and beauty and instructive pleasure must be preferred to folly and gewgaw and demoralization. But even in expense the contrast is sorely against the latter. It is true that the production of Shakspeare's plays, in the style in which they have been represented at Covent Garden has cost the lessee very large sums; but nothing, we trust, to compare with the hire of studs of horses and dens of wild beasts. It is hardly conceivable that any returns could support their nightly expense. We are informed that Ducrow and his horses cost 100*l.* a night, and that Van Amburgh and his lions are engaged for twelve nights at 50*l.* per night, with future increase should they take. Add to these such performers as a prima donna, Albertazzi, Phillips, &c. &c., and the pay of an orchestra of great extent and talent led by Bishop; and we would ask, What houses could remunerate the speculation? The evil must cure itself; and the sooner the better.

Now, these lions and tigers, with their subjugation under the dominion of man, are a curious sight; and in a proper place, would be well worth our shilling, or even half crown, for

admission to witness them in a zoological garden or other convenience. But where they are, they are not only offensive in themselves, but they bar out what is fitting and right—in short, they destroy the drama. It would be no burlesque on them were one of the minor theatres to produce the poor fellow who stands with his cage of animals on the Surrey side of Waterloo Bridge; and parade them in a piece written expressly for the purpose of introducing them on the stage. His cats, and rats, and mice, and finches, and owls, and hawks, and pigeons, and guinea pigs, and rabbits, and such "small deer" living all amicably together, eating in common their various food, and some of them breeding and rearing young, are, *quoad* natural history, quite as remarkable as the forced submersion of larger creatures subdued by fire, torture, and starvation, to obey the signals of their Androcles. We say nothing more, but hope the perversion of theatres will be amended altogether, and turn to the recent novelties at Covent Garden.

Since our last, two new pieces have been produced. The first, a three-act drama, called *The Foresters*, which, in spite of some very pretty music by Loder, and some very clever acting, met with an equivocal reception. The dialogue is, in truth, rather tedious, and generally, uninteresting, though mingled with some beauties of language and fine sentiments of honour, truth, and generosity, as well as strong natural affections; these are, however, too few and far between: the fault is in the length of the piece, and in the slight interest of the dénouement. Mr. Vandenhoff struggled through a laborious part most creditably; Harley was comic as ever; and Miss Rainforth, Miss P. Horton, and Mr. Fraser sang agreeably; Mrs. Warner, Bartley, Anderson, Bennett, Ward, &c. &c. exerted themselves to the utmost.

Jealousy is the name of the other novelty, a *petite* comedy in which Mrs. Warner, Mr. Vandenhoff, and Mr. Meadows, sustain the leading parts. We have not room for remark this week; having, we fear, far exceeded our own notion, of what space was due to the growing importance of the drama.

Adelphi.—On Monday, and during the week, a splendid and effective burletta, entitled *Aranjoon*, has been performed here with great applause. It is of the *Valsha* class, with Mrs. Yates for its heroine, whose forcible and natural acting gives great additional interest to the spectacle, which is the proper name for Mr. Coyne's piece. Miss Shaw, Mr. Lyon, and Mr. J. Webster, also play in the serious; Wilkinson and Yates in the comic parts, and both are most deserving of praise. The scenery is beautiful, with all the aid of brilliant coloured lights, splendid dresses, and the picturesque Bayadères, to whom we shall devote some separate remark.

The *Bayadères*, as they have become more familiar to the public, have, and, in our opinion, most deservedly, become objects of greater attraction. Several causes which appear to have operated against their first impressions have faded away, and the reality of their performances is now forcing its way to the attention and popularity it merits. The reading of Indian tales and travels had led to the expectation that a set of common Nautch girls had been brought to Europe to exhibit the voluptuous and (as far as the license of the stage, not a very restricted one, would allow) the lascivious gesticulation and action for which their dances are celebrated. Those who indulged in this purient idea were, fortunately for general morals, com-

pletely disappointed, at least until the Opera opens at Her Majesty's Theatre, in the spring. Another, and a more numerous, as well as more respectable, body of playgoers, looked for the usual sort of stage exhibition, in which all truth and nature are sacrificed to contrivance and caricature. Now there is little or nothing of this to be seen, and, for ourselves, we may say, that we should be glad if there were not a shadow of plot beyond the simple representation of their rites and manners by these very singular persons. The perfect and genuine originality of their performance is a mighty charm with us; and, when viewed in the light in which it should be viewed, affords room for as much curious speculation as any thing we ever witnessed on the stage. The *ensemble* and all the details seem to set before our eyes the living beings whose pictures have so often struck us in the wild native imaginings of the Hindu mythology. And these are priestesses of the triune Incarnation of Hindu worship, and these are their actual ceremonies. They are not mimes and mummers, nor are their looks and gestures mere acting. They are in earnest, and not a twist of their frames, a glance of their eyes, or a fall of their draperies, which does not bring home to us the realisation of Eastern customs, natural feelings, mysticism, and religion.

In the new drama some different dances are introduced, both of a more joyous nature and of greater personal interest and pathos—we mean personal to the dancer, as in one where the widow meets her husband in the world of spirits. These deserve to be carefully attended to, and every look and motion observed. The general idea afforded is that of savage or rather untaught nature expressing itself by motion. The feet are strangely active: the limbs, the hips, and the loins are more employed than the upper portion of the frame, though the arms are thrown about and the working of the muscles of the back is curiously visible. The whole has a wild gracefulness that must be seen to be understood. There is evidently art, for the dances are executed to, and in perfect harmony with, a Malabar chant by one of the men, who accompanies himself on a small metallic cymbal-sounding instrument, held on the palm of one hand, and struck by a mallet or hammer in the other, and is also accompanied by a companion beating a tom-tom with his fingers. Were it not for this, and the accordance of their movements, one might fancy all the *Bayadère* gesticulations purely natural. At all events they are strange and interesting. Two of the females, Saunderounn and Ramgoun are, we understand, cousins; none of the others are related. The dagger dance, by the way, is the origin of the famous and popular dance of *Morgiana* in the *Forty Thieves*; so that it must be a national one and well known. We are glad to say the house was crammed, and the performances of the *Bayadères* were received with great applause. Their modesty is unassumed and, proverbial in India, is not less deserving of consideration here. We believe the dance of the Telinghies (more north on the coast,) displays greater action; but, on the whole, we are well satisfied with this singular exhibition. We trust that their reward will be solid and secured to them.

The Olympic.—For reasons assigned in a preceding column we come to make a few remarks on the performances at this theatre. On Wednesday night, a new piece, called *Ask no Questions*, was produced; *Tame Tigers*, a novelty at this house, was added; and the other entertainments were the *Printer's Devil* and *Sons and Systems*. Here were plenty and

variety; and sustained by talent of no ordinary cast: Farren, Keeley, Oxberry, Brougham, J. Vining, Selby, Green, Danby, Wyman, &c. filled the male parts allotted to them ably and unexceptionably, whilst in Mrs. Orger, Mrs. Niblett, Miss Murray, Miss Lee, Mrs. and Miss E. Taylor, &c., the female and epical parts had lively and spirited representatives. With such a company, there is nothing of the class of drama, for which this elegant little theatre is renowned, which cannot be capitally acted; and when we notice a quality in which it seems to outstrip all rivalry, we have described a place of very agreeable and gratifying entertainment. The quality to which we allude is the perfect attention to costume, furniture, and every accessory which can lend the charm of verisimilitude to dramatic dialogue and action. In many of the scenes it was impossible to fancy the stage a stage; it was a room, a garden, a house, or whatever the text required, and not a miserable imitation in which nothing supposed is really imitated. This, together with propriety of dress, is a great step towards the best effects which the mimic art can produce; and gives wonderful force to the skilful exertions of such performers as Farren, Orger, and several of the others who really surprised us by the near approach they made to these excellent and accomplished models. Having offered these general observations on what reflects so much credit on Mr. Planché's management, in which we hardly regret the absence of Vestris herself or her liege lord, we shall now turn to the new burlesque, *Ask no Questions*. It is undisguisedly French, founded on French society, French sentiments, and French incidents. In Paris it would be much better understood than in London, or rather it would there make a stronger appeal to the popular feelings. The hero is an ancient invalid of the imperial guard, a Chelsea pensioner of our country, and, consequently, not an object of such enthusiastic remembrances as the parallel character is in France. The Buonapartisms too must be tame in a foreign land, though well calculated to rouse other passions on the soil where that extraordinary man so long disposed of the destinies of a military nation. Then the chief female character is a Camp Suttler, raised by the fortune of war and love to the rank of a baroness,—a character which would not agree well with English manners, where a bumpoat-woman, turned into a lady of rank and wealth, could hardly be conceived for the stage. But receiving this drama as it is presented,—as a French piece, and asking no questions, its admirable acting must make it one of the chief among Olympic favourites. Farren in the *Old Pensioner*, and especially in a drunken scene, is perfection: it is one of his very best personations, and we need only say Mrs. Orger in the *Baroness*, with her German pride and pronunciation, is not an inch behind her admirable compeer; but in this, as in the delightful comedy of *Sons and Daughters* (certainly the best-written play of its class, and withal the best-acted light comedy which the age can boast), plays fully up to his finely studied and as finely executed part. These two upon the boards are a treat indeed. Mr. Selby, as a *Parisian Dandy*, was well dressed, and acted with much spirit—we believe the adaptation of the piece is by him. Mr. James Vining and Miss Lee did the duties of the lover and loveress in a fitting style; and Oxberry and Miss E. Taylor enacted a serving man and his bride most satisfactorily. The young lady sang a song very sweetly, and her modest carriage wins much upon the

audience. Two other *Old Guardsmen* were well done by Messrs Danby and Wyman; and the curtain closed to unanimous cheering and applause.

Sadler's Wells.—Sir Lytton Bulwer's *Leila* has been dramatised with great skill, and produced at this house on a scale of magnificence that would be creditable to the principal theatres. The scenery, painted by Mr. Telhyn, is beautiful, and will add to the rising honour of this young artist; the dresses and decorations are of a superior order; and the whole strength of an excellent company is made use of. Altogether, it is well worthy a visit from the playgoers of distant parts of the metropolis, who will be amply repaid for their journey by witnessing a very gorgeous and well-acted spectacle.

VARIETIES.

King's College.—A new class has been opened in this admirably conducted place of education, for engineering and mining—branches of science which cannot, in our time, be too generally taught. We are glad to learn that pupils have been admitted, not only with professional views, but others who desire that necessary scientific information which will enable them to appreciate and judge of the plans of engineers and the projects of miners.

New Edition of Shakspeare.—We are rejoiced to notice a new edition of Shakspeare, even after all the previous and often meritorious and splendid efforts to produce the text of our immortal bard in a manner suitable to his glorious muse and imperishable fame. The present is a good time for such an undertaking; when the public mind has been reawakened to the subject by the laudable exertions of the stage. In the specimen before us, the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," the publishers, Messrs. C. Knight and Co., have been at infinite pains to illustrate the drama with appropriate and beautiful works of art. Views of Verona, correct examples of the costumes of the period, engravings of persons and things mentioned by the characters (such as "The Boots," "A Torture," "The Venetian Ducat," "The Challenger's Glove," "Beggars at Hallowmas," "True Love Knots," "Pageants," &c. &c.), and other interesting embellishments, are all introduced to adorn as well as to explain many passages of the play. A literary and historical introduction, notes, and general observations, complete the very pleasing and useful improvements upon this popular drama.

Ancient Mexican Sepulture.—Our readers are aware of the singular formation of human skeletons, and the vast extent of some of the cemeteries in this part of the world, which seem to speak of former and distinct races of men, long preceding any annals or traditions handed down to our time. A paragraph from a letter dated Durango, in Mexico, Aug. 4, has created a new interest in this respect. It states that a grotto, containing nearly a thousand dead bodies, has been discovered in a place called the Bolston of Massini, and a little to the north of Durango. They seem to consist of family groups, the old and the young being deposited together; and to embrace a considerable period of time. They are all enveloped in cloths, rudely resembling the swathing of Egyptian mummies. The cloth is of different and generally of fine texture, of various colours, and still in good preservation. The corpses are all in a sitting posture.

Mots.—The Duke of Wellington recently appointed his brother, Lord Maryborough, to the vacant cinque-port office of governor of Deal Castle, for which it was mentioned, that

Sir H. Hardinge had applied. "Well (said one), I thought Hardinge knew better how to play his cards than to miss-Deal." "I can't tell how that may be (observed H—), but I know this, the duke won't revoke."

Cad-literture.—The schoolmaster has surely been abroad to some purpose. The other day a gentleman asked a most varmint-looking cab-driver what was meant by the letters V. R. (*Victoria Regina*) on his new badge. "Vy (he replied), don't you know? they means Vittle R. V. to be sure; he as is now at the top of the conveyancing business."

Electricity.—Mr. Faraday, one day this week, obtained a spark by the galvanic battery from the back of the electric eel (*Gymnotus electricus*) at the Adelaide Gallery. This, we believe, is the first instance of this phenomenon.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

Three Lectures on Socialism, delivered in the Baptist Chapel, Leeds, by the Rev. J. E. Giles.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Book of Beauty: Edited by the Countess of Bessington; the Engravings after Chalon, &c. &c. royal 8vo. 21s. India Proofs, 2l. 12s. 6d.—Beauty's Costume; Second Series; Twelve Engravings of Female Figures, 4to. 21s., or coloured, 2l. 2s.—Practical and Surgical Anatomy, by W. J. E. Wilson, with fifty woodcuts, 12mo. 10s. 6d.—The Diadem; a Book for the Boudoir; Edited by Miss Sheridan, 1l. 11s. 6d. bd.—The Friendship Offering, 1839, 12s.—Smith's Latin Exercises for Beginners, 10s. 3s.—Wittich's German for Beginners, 2d edition, 12mo. 3s.—Sir A. L. Hay's Narrative of the Peninsular War, 3d edition, with Plates, 8vo. 15s.; also a Plan of the Battle of Waterloo, 1s. 6d.—Urinary Diseases, by R. Willis, M.D. 8vo. 12s.—Mrs. H. W. Winslow's Memoirs, with Essay, by Evans, 2d edition, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—J. T. Pratt's Collection of Statutes for Justice of the Peace, 1st and 2d Volumes, 8vo. 6s.—E. H. Barker's Supplement to Lemprière's Classical Dictionary, 8vo. 8s. 6d.—R. P. Knight's Inquiry into Ancient Art and Mythology, 8vo. 6s.—An Essay on Deafness, by D. Cronin, 12mo. 1s. 6d.—The Beauty of Holiness, by G. B. Scott, 12mo. 6s.—South Australia in 1837, by R. Gouger, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Fruits of Observations: Thoughts upon various Subjects, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—History of Madagascar, by the Rev. W. Ellis, 2 vols. 8vo. 25s.—Examination Questions and Answers, from Moheims, fcap. 4s. 6d.—Ditto, Burnett, fcap. 2s.—Lives of the Sacred Poets, Second Series, fcap. 4s. 6d.—Hole's Discourses on the Liturgy, by Dr. Giles, Vol. IV. 8vo. 6s.—Notes on the Four Gospels and Acts, fcap. 16s.—Melton de Mowbray; or, the Banker's Son, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—Opinions of Eminent Men on the Bible, 12mo. 6s.; large paper, 8vo. 12s.—Land Measurer's Ready Reckoner, by N. McCulloch, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Historical Account of Iowa, by N. Lean, 18mo. 2s.—Scripture References, by C. Leckie, 12mo. 6s.—The Practical Farmer's Manual, 18mo. 2s.—The Christian Teacher's Pocket Guide, 32mo. 1s. 6d.—Mercantile Forms of Accounts, by G. Morrison, 4to. 7s. 6d.—Porson's Euripides Translated, 12mo. 5s. 6d.—Treatise on Optics, by W. N. Griffin, 8vo. 8s.—The Game of Forfeits, by Mrs. Bourne, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—My Mother's Stories, by Mrs. Copley, fcap. 5s.—T. H. Moody's Refutation of Astrology, 12mo. 6s. 6d.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1838.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 18	From 37 to 54	29.92 to 29.96
Friday .. 19 47 .. 58	29.77 .. 29.96
Saturday .. 20 47 .. 63	29.96 .. 30.10
Sunday .. 21 47 .. 63	30.17 .. 30.15
Monday .. 22 54.5 .. 62	30.08 .. 30.00
Tuesday .. 23 53 .. 58	29.92 .. 29.79
Wednesday 24 53 .. 59	29.70 .. 29.76

Wind, S.W.

Except the 19th, 20th, and afternoon of the 24th, generally cloudy; rain fell on the 18th, and mornings of the 19th and 24th.

Rain fallen, .15 of an inch.

Edmonton.

Latitude .. 51° 37' 39" N.

Longitude .. 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. T. B. will find a packet at our office.

We accord with Henri's ideas upon Miss Horton's "Ariel," but oh! his lines are desperately too long.

Learned and Scientific Meetings.—We shall in our next recommence the list of the ensuing week's meetings of our public societies; all of which are now reassembling for the season.

"The Keepsake" reached us too late for review. It seems, at a glance, to be beautifully embellished.

ADVERTISEMENTS, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

PRIVATE PUPIL.—A Vacancy for a
Pupil is at present open in the Family of a Clergyman, of long experience, residing Twelve Miles from London. He can offer the most satisfactory References to Noblemen and Gentlemen whose Sons have been under his care. The Number of his Pupils does not exceed Five or Six.
Letters to be directed to the Rev. R. H., Post-Office, Farnham, Surrey.

LITERATURE.—MESSRS. SAUNDERS
and OTLEY (Publishers) have just issued a most useful abstract of the Catalogues of their extensive Subscription Library, Conduit Street, Hanover Square, arranged alphabetically for the use of their Subscribers. The constant influx of new publications, it appears, has induced the proprietors very considerably to extend their arrangements for the supply of all New Works for perusal throughout the Country; and the system of furnishing Families in the same neighbourhood, on a united subscription, must tend materially to increase the demand for modern literature.

1839.

LADIES' NEW POCKET-BOOK,
Containing a Botanical Calendar, Memorandum-Book, Poetical Miscellany, and an Almanack.

FULCHER'S SUPERB POCKET-BOOK for 1839, is just published, price 2s. 6d. in an elegantly embossed cover, and ornamented with fine Engravings, amongst which is the Interior of the House in which the Father of Crabbe resided, poetically illustrated by Bernard Barton, &c. "Poetry quite equal to the best of the most expensive annuals."
London: Suttaby and Co., and sold by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

Under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

On Thursday, Nov. 1, will be published,
THE PENNY MAGAZINE, Part LXXXIX. price 6d.
Six Volumes of "The Penny Magazine" have been completed, and may be had, uniformly bound in cloth, price 7s. 6d. each, except Vol. I. which is 6s.
The Penny Cyclopædia, Part LXX. price 1s. 6d.
Twelve Volumes are now published, price 7s. 6d. each, uniformly bound in cloth, and may be obtained through every Bookseller.

The Penny Cyclopædia, Vol. VI. Part I. price 3s. A relapse of the "Penny Cyclopædia" in Half-volumes has been undertaken, as by this arrangement new Subscribers, by a moderate periodical outlay, will be enabled to complete the Work simultaneously with the Purchasers of the current Edition.

A Statistical Account of the British Empire, by J. R. McCulloch. 2d edition, corrected and enlarged, Part VI. price 5s. Part IV. completed the First Volume.
The Work will be completed in Eight Parts, forming Two thick closely printed 8vo. Volumes.
London: Charles Knight and Co. Ludgate Street.

On Thursday, Nov. 1, will be published,
THE PICTORIAL EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE, Part I. The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

The Quarto Pictorial Bible, Part XI. price 5s. to be completed in about Sixteen Monthly Parts, forming Four handsome Volumes.
The First and Second Volumes have been completed, and may be had, bound in cloth, price 12s. 6d. each.

The Pictorial History of England, Part XXI. price 2s. The Work is also published in Weekly Numbers, price 6d. each.

The Portrait Illustrations of the Pictorial History of England, Part IX. price 2s. to be completed in Twenty Monthly Parts. The Portraits contained in Part IX. are—Newton, Doke, Hailey, Pope, and Swift.

The Arabian Nights' Entertainments. A new Translation, by E. W. Lane, with numerous Woodcut Illustrations, after Designs by W. Harvey. Part VII. price 2s. 6d. To be completed in Three Volumes.

The Journal of the Statistical Society of London. No. VII. price 1s. 6d.
London: Charles Knight and Co. Ludgate Street.

NEW WORKS,
To be published on the 25th, by Messrs. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

THE LOST EVIDENCE.
In 3 vols. post 8vo.
By MISS BURDON,
Author of "Seymour of Sudley."

II.
Ada. A Tale.

By Mrs. Neesham.

III.
Tranquil Hours. Poems.

By Mrs. Edward Thomas.

HYMNS and FIRE-SIDE VERSES.
By MARY HOWITT.
Beautifully illustrated, as a Companion to "Birds and Flowers."

Also, in the press, 2d edition, price 6s.
Birds and Flowers, and other Country Things.
Parton and Clark, Holborn Hill.

In the press, and speedily will be published, in post 8vo. the two concluding Volumes of the illustrated Edition of

PALEY'S NATURAL THEOLOGY.

1. A Treatise on Immutability, in Post 8vo. Dialogues.
 2. Experiments and Demonstrations on the Structure of the Cells of Bees.
 3. A Dissertation on the Origin of Evil.
 4. Notes and Remarks on various points of Theology.
 5. An Analytical Account of Cuvier's Researches on Fossil Osteology, with its application to Natural Theology.
 6. An Account of other subsequent Writings on this Subject.
 7. An Analytical Account of Sir I. Newton's "Principia."
 8. An Analytical Account of La Place's "Mécanique Céleste."
- By HENRY LORD BROUGHTON, F.R.S., and Member of the National Institute of France.
London: Charles Knight and Co. 22 Ludgate Street.

On the 1st of November will be published, Part I. price 2s. 6d. the French Translation of
THE TALES OF ONE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS.—Les Mille et Une Nuits, Contes Arabes. With 2000 Illustrations, after original Designs by German and French Artists. To be continued Monthly, and completed in Twenty Monthly Parts.

Also,
Don Quixote de la Mancha, with 800 Engravings, Parts XVII. and XVIII. price 2s. 6d. each.

And,
The Illustrated Edition of Gil Blas, complete in 2 vols. cloth, price 12s. 12s.
London: J. J. Dubouché and Co. 75 Old Broad Street.

INDUSTRIAL GUIDE-BOOKS.
On the 1st of November will be published.

THE GUIDE TO SERVICE.—The Dairy-Maid, illustrated with Woodcuts, price 8d.

II.
The Guide to Trade.—the Chemist and Druggist, illustrated with Woodcuts, price 8d.

The following works of this Series have already been published:—
Guide to Service.—the Maid of All Work, new edition, price 8d.

Guide to Service.—the Lady's Maid, price 1s.
Guide to Trade.—the Printer, price 1s.

To supply a manifest deficiency in the books already published for the education of the industrial classes, the Publishers have undertaken a series of works (which will be brought out at the cheapest rate), whose chief object is to prepare young persons for the choice of an occupation, by instructing them in the peculiar duties, and, as far as requisite, in the technical details of the various departments of Service or Trade in which they are likely to be engaged as they advance in life. It is, of course, not contemplated herein to teach every thing that should be known in a Trade, or to point out the whole details of a Service,—but to give such a general knowledge of the occupations which the mass of the people are called upon to follow, as may prepare the young for the proper discharge of their duties, and systematic much of the practical information which the adult has now, in most cases, to learn without a Guide. These works will, collectively, contain a mass of authentic and amusing information on the various departments of industry in this country, which will be useful and interesting to all readers. They will be illustrated, when necessary, with numerous explanatory woodcuts.
London: Charles Knight and Co. 22 Ludgate Street.

Also, in the press, and speedily will be published, in post 8vo. the two concluding Volumes of the illustrated Edition of

PALEY'S NATURAL THEOLOGY.

1. A Treatise on Immutability, in Post 8vo. Dialogues.
 2. Experiments and Demonstrations on the Structure of the Cells of Bees.
 3. A Dissertation on the Origin of Evil.
 4. Notes and Remarks on various points of Theology.
 5. An Analytical Account of Cuvier's Researches on Fossil Osteology, with its application to Natural Theology.
 6. An Account of other subsequent Writings on this Subject.
 7. An Analytical Account of Sir I. Newton's "Principia."
 8. An Analytical Account of La Place's "Mécanique Céleste."
- By HENRY LORD BROUGHTON, F.R.S., and Member of the National Institute of France.
London: Charles Knight and Co. 22 Ludgate Street.

On the 1st of November will be published, Part I. price 2s. 6d. the French Translation of
THE TALES OF ONE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS.—Les Mille et Une Nuits, Contes Arabes. With 2000 Illustrations, after original Designs by German and French Artists. To be continued Monthly, and completed in Twenty Monthly Parts.

Also,
Don Quixote de la Mancha, with 800 Engravings, Parts XVII. and XVIII. price 2s. 6d. each.

And,
The Illustrated Edition of Gil Blas, complete in 2 vols. cloth, price 12s. 12s.
London: J. J. Dubouché and Co. 75 Old Broad Street.

INDUSTRIAL GUIDE-BOOKS.
On the 1st of November will be published.

THE GUIDE TO SERVICE.—The Dairy-Maid, illustrated with Woodcuts, price 8d.

II.
The Guide to Trade.—the Chemist and Druggist, illustrated with Woodcuts, price 8d.

The following works of this Series have already been published:—
Guide to Service.—the Maid of All Work, new edition, price 8d.

Guide to Service.—the Lady's Maid, price 1s.
Guide to Trade.—the Printer, price 1s.

To supply a manifest deficiency in the books already published for the education of the industrial classes, the Publishers have undertaken a series of works (which will be brought out at the cheapest rate), whose chief object is to prepare young persons for the choice of an occupation, by instructing them in the peculiar duties, and, as far as requisite, in the technical details of the various departments of Service or Trade in which they are likely to be engaged as they advance in life. It is, of course, not contemplated herein to teach every thing that should be known in a Trade, or to point out the whole details of a Service,—but to give such a general knowledge of the occupations which the mass of the people are called upon to follow, as may prepare the young for the proper discharge of their duties, and systematic much of the practical information which the adult has now, in most cases, to learn without a Guide. These works will, collectively, contain a mass of authentic and amusing information on the various departments of industry in this country, which will be useful and interesting to all readers. They will be illustrated, when necessary, with numerous explanatory woodcuts.
London: Charles Knight and Co. 22 Ludgate Street.

On the 1st of November will be published, Part I. price 2s. 6d. the French Translation of
THE TALES OF ONE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS.—Les Mille et Une Nuits, Contes Arabes. With 2000 Illustrations, after original Designs by German and French Artists. To be continued Monthly, and completed in Twenty Monthly Parts.

Also,
Don Quixote de la Mancha, with 800 Engravings, Parts XVII. and XVIII. price 2s. 6d. each.

And,
The Illustrated Edition of Gil Blas, complete in 2 vols. cloth, price 12s. 12s.
London: J. J. Dubouché and Co. 75 Old Broad Street.

On Nov. 1st, in 1839, with Vignette, price 6s. cloth, **LIVES OF EMINENT BRITISH STATESMEN, Vol. VI.**

By JOHN FORSTER, Esq. of the Inner Temple.
Being Vol. 100 of the Cabinet Cyclopædia.
Vol. 107, Prof. De Morgan's Essay on Probability, was published Oct. 1.
London: Longman, Orme, and Co.; and John Taylor.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

DISEASES OF CHILDREN.
Published by East and Co. 319 Regent Street.
Price 1s.

A FACT IN the NATURAL HISTORY
of CHILDREN, which presents Infantile Diseases in a new Aspect.

By JOHN GARDNER, Surgeon.
Strongly recommended to the attention of every Parent.

UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF MR. CHARLES HEATH.
In 4to. 21s. elegantly bound; or coloured in imitation of the Drawing, 2s. 2s.

BEAUTY'S COSTUME; containing
Twelve beautiful Engravings of Female Figures, in the Costume of various Nations, after designs by eminent Artists; with descriptive Letterpress.

By LEITCH RITCHIE, Esq.
Second Series.
London: Longman, Orme, and Co.

UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF MR. CHARLES HEATH.
In super-royal 8vo. 21s. elegantly bound; India Proof, 2s. 12s. 6d.

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.
Edited by the Countess of BLESSINGTON.

The Engravings consist entirely of richly executed Portraits, after Paintings by Chalon, E. Landseer, Boscawen, Lucas, and Rubens, of English Nobility and Persons of Fashion, viz.:—
Duchess of Sutherland Mrs. Maberly
Viscountess Mahon Mrs. Mountjoy Martin
Viscountess Valletort The Viscountess Fitzharris
Viscountess Powerscourt Mrs. Verschoyle
Lady Wilhelmina de Rothschild Miss Ellen Home Purves
Lady Fanny Cowper Miss Cockayne.
London: Longman, Orme, and Co.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SOUTHEY'S COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS. Collected by Himself, with additional Notes and Prefaces. 10 vols. fcap 8vo. with Frontispieces, Vignettes, and Portrait, price 27s. 10s. cloth lettered.

"The illustrative prefaces and notes impart to this new edition all the novelty and interest of an autobiography."—*St. James's Chronicle.*

II.
THE DOCTRINE of the DELUGE; vindicating the Scriptural Account from the Doubts which have recently been cast upon it by Geological Speculations.

By the Rev. avonson Vernon Harcourt.
2 vols. 8vo. 36s.
"A work of much ingenuity in its design, and most elaborate research in its execution."—*British Critic.*

THE DOCTOR.

Vol. V. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cloth.
Vols. I. to IV. 21s. 3s.
"The Doctor" is often grave and sensible, as well as caustic; his facetiousness and waggery would make a reputation; his facility and sound sense come with surprising force."—*M. Review.*

IV.
WILLIAM HOWITT'S NEW WORK.

COLONIZATION and CHRISTIANITY.
1 vol. post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cloth lettered.

"Most heartily do we commend this elegant book to the attention of every friend of freedom and of man."—*Sheffield Independent.*

V.
By the same Author,
THE RURAL LIFE of ENGLAND.
2 vols. post 8vo. with many illustrations, price 24s. cloth.

"A faithful and elaborate history of rural life, rural pastimes, and rural manners."—*Conservative Journal.*

VI.
THE IMAGERY of FOREIGN TRAVEL.
VEL. By Major Sherer. 1 vol. post 8vo. price 5s. 6d. cloth.

"The note-book of a lively and intelligent traveller, written with a very fine taste for the beauty of landscape and natural scenery."—*Bell's Messenger.*

VII.
THE EDINBURGH REVIEW,
No. CXXXVII. Contents.

1. The Duke of Wellington's Despatches.
2. Ruschenberger's Voyage round the World.
3. Memoirs of Sir William Knight.
4. Mr. Dickens's Tales.
5. Life and Writings of Sir William Temple.
6. Strictures on the "Life of Mr. Witherspoon."
7. Reigns of George the Third and Fourth—Political Characters.

London: Longman, Orme, and Co.

Printed uniformly with the New Edition of Byron's Poems, in 1 vol. royal 8vo. 21s.

THE LIFE and PROSE WORKS of LORD BYRON.
Including his Letters and Journals, with Notices of his Life.
By THOMAS MOORE, Esq.
John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Rev. Hugh J. Rose's Works.

EIGHT SERMONS, preached before the University of Cambridge, at Great St. Mary's, in 1820 and 1821. To which is added, a Sermon preached before the University on Commencement Sunday, 1820. 8d edition, 8vo. 7s. 6d.

2. **The Commission and consequent Duties of the Clergy**, in a Series of Discourses preached before the University of Cambridge, in April 1820. 2d edition, enlarged, 8vo. 9s.

3. **Christianity always Progressive**; being the Christian Advocate's publication for the Year 1820. 8vo. 6s. 6d.

4. **The State of Protestantism in Germany** described; being the Substance of Four Discourses preached before the University of Cambridge, in 1823. The 3d edition, enlarged with an Appendix. Rev. 14s.

5. **A few Copies of the Appendix remain**, price 8s. 6d. By HUGH JAMES ROSE, B.D., Principal of King's College, London.

Printed for J. G. and F. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo Place, Pall Mall.

WILBERFORCE'S PRIZE ESSAY.

In small 8vo. price 3s. 6d. boards.

THE PAROCHIAL SYSTEM. An Appeal to English Churchmen.

By HENRY WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, M.A., Curate of Bransgrove, Hants.

8. **To this Essay the Prize of Two Hundred Guineas**, offered by the Christian Influence Society, has been adjudged, by the Rev. Dr. Dealtry and the Rev. Professor Schofield.

"The plain, serious, and most impressive appeal of a sound churchman. Under the circumstances of its publication, we suppose it will be largely circulated, else we should recommend it to the attention of the reader."—*British Critic*.

"Simple and unpretending, but well measured, full of appropriate statistical facts, and thoroughly business-like. We are much impressed with his scriptural and zealous exhortations to greatly enlarged measures of self-denial and liberality, and the religious use of power and influence."—*Edinburgh Review*.

Printed for J. G. and F. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo Place, Pall Mall.

Now ready, 3 vols. post 8vo.

ART and ARTISTS in ENGLAND;

being Letters written during a Season in London, and sent to the Seats of the Nobility and Gentry in the Country, with Descriptions of the Public and Private Collections of Works of Art, Sketches of Society, &c.

By G. F. WAAGEN, Director of the Royal Gallery at Berlin. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

3 St. James's Square, 26th October, 1820.

In 5 vols. demy 8vo.

MEMOIRS of the LIFE and ADVENTURES of COLONEL MACGONNELL, late Aide-de-Camp to Joachim Murat, King of Naples.

"The most amusing book that has for a long time fallen in our way. Nor is the power of amusement its only recommendation. Pencil and eccentricity, it presents much originality of fact with a ready smartness of manner, abounding in anecdote and the most graphic illustrations of life and character, habits and customs."—*Naval and Military Gazette*.

London: John Macrone, St. James's Square. Agents: John Cumming, Dublin; Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh; D. Campbell, Glasgow; W. Grapel, Liverpool.

Dedicated, with permission, to Sir A. W. Calcott, R.A.

Price 10s. 6d. cloth.

COLOUR, as a MEANS OF ART;

being an adaptation of the Experience of Professors to the Practice of Amateurs. With Eighteen Coloured Plates.

By FRANK HOWARD, Esq. Author of the "Sketcher's Manual," "The Spirit of Shakespeare," &c.

"Mr. Howard has done good service to the arts in this attempt to reduce to principles of certainty those qualities which have hitherto been vaguely referred to taste."—*Atlas*.

"A volume replete with valuable observations; most amusing and instructive."—*Literary Gazette*.

"This volume is highly useful; the author's object is excellent; and well has he accomplished it."—*Spectator*.

London: Joseph Thomas; C. Tilt; and Simpkin and Co.

TO BE HAD AT ALL THE LIBRARIES.

THE NEW NOVELS JUST PUBLISHED.

I. Melton de Mowbray;

Or, the Banker's Story.

II. Land Sharks and Sea Gulls.

By Captain Glasgow, R.N.

III. A Romance of Vienna.

By Mrs. Trollope.

IV. Homeward Bound.

By the Author of "The Pilot."

Also, just ready,

Legend and Romance, African and European.

By Lieut. Johns. 3 vols. post 8vo.

THE NEW VOLUME OF "THE STANDARD NOVELS,"

Containing Miss Edgeworth's "Ellen" (complete),

For Six Shillings. (On the 21st instant, with the Magazine.)

Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

Orders received by all Booksellers.

MR. COLBURN'S NEW PUBLICATIONS, now ready.

I. Gurney Married;

Being the Continuation and Completion of "Gilbert Gurney."

By Theodore Hook, Esq. Author of "Sayings and Doings," &c. 3 vols.

II.

Crotchets in the Air;

Or, an (Un-)scientific Account of a Balloon Trip, in a Familiar

By John Poole, Esq. Author of "Paul Fry," &c. 8vo.

III.

Ella; or, the Emperor's Son.

By the Hon. Mrs. Lambert. 3 vols.

IV.

The Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell.

Illustrated in a Series of Letters between the most Distinguished

Men of the Time. Now first published from the Originals.

Edited by Robert Vaughan, D.D. Professor of History in the London University, &c.

With an Introductory Essay on the Protector's Reign. 3 vols. 8vo. with Portraits.

V.

The Hair of Selwood;

Or, Three Epochs of a Life.

By Mrs. the Hon. the

Authors of "Mothers and Daughters," "Stokeshill Place," &c. 3 vols.

VI.

Jack Adams, the Mutineer.

By Captain Frederick Chamier, R.N.

Author of "The Life of a Sailor," &c. 3 vols. (Just ready.)

Henry Colburn, Publisher, 15 Great Marlborough Street.

NATURALISTS' PORTRAIT GALLERY.

The Naturalist, a Monthly Journal, illustrative of the Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Kingdoms, with

Illustrations by Branstetter.

Edited by NEVILLE WOOD, Esq. &c. &c.

No. XXV. for October commencing Vol. IV. contains a highly

finished Portrait (accompanied by a Memoir), of the late John

Latham, M.D. F.R.S. celebrated as an Ornithologist wherever

Natural History is a Study. The Commencement of a regular

Series of Portraits, Memoirs, and Autographs, of eminent

Living and recently deceased Naturalists, British and Foreign.

To be continued each alternate Month, until almost every name

of eminence in Zoology, Botany, Geology, and Meteorology, shall

be included. Thus, the Subscribers to the Naturalist will be in

possession of a complete Biography and Portrait Gallery of Modern

Naturalists, towards the completion of which, neither trouble

nor expense will be spared. The Portraits will be mounted on

India paper, royal 8vo. by the Lithographers to the Queen—Day

and Hagley, and J. Graf. Each Monthly Number of the Naturalist

contains original Papers by eminent Naturalists—Correspondence—

Criticism—Proceedings of Societies, British and Foreign—

Extracts from Foreign Periodicals—Reviews—Literary Intelligence—

Chapier of Miscellaneous—Obituary.

No. XXVI. will be published Nov. 1st; and No. XXVII. on

Dec. 1st, with a Portrait and Memoir of Edward Bevan, M.D.

the celebrated Apianist.

London: Whittaker and Co.; and all Booksellers.

Royal 8vo. price only 2s.

3 St. James's Square, 26th Oct. 1820.

In 1 vol. post 8vo.

PRISCILLA MARIA BECKWITH'S

TRANSLATION OF GUIZOT'S LECTURES ON EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION.

"A production of great originality and boldness. Of the two

translations, that by P. M. Beckwith with much excels the other,

in neatness, precision, and force."—*Edinburgh Review*, No. 136.

"We have compared the French and English. The lady is a

beautiful translator. Her style is pure, and M. Guizot has fallen

into most happy hands."—*Polyglot Magazine*.

London: John Macrone, St. James's Square.

Agents—John Cumming, Dublin; Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh;

Duncan Campbell, Glasgow; William Grapel, Liverpool.

Published by Houlston and Stoneman, 65 Paternoster Row, London;

J. Johnstone, Edinburgh; and Curry and Co. Dublin.

MY MOTHER'S STORIES; or, Traditions and Recollections.

By MRS. COPLEY.

8vo. 8vo. cloth, price 5s.

Nature the Preacher of Christianity. 18mo.

cloth, 1s. 6d.

Grecian History, with Illustrations, on the

Plan of the English and Roman Histories. By a Lady. 18mo.

sewed, 6d.

Sibbes's Divine Meditations and Holy Con-

templations. New edition, 32mo. cloth, 1s. 6d.

The Game of Forfeits. By Mrs. Bourne.

18mo. 1s. 6d. half-bound.

A Brother's Gift to a Sister, fcap 8vo.

cloth, 4s.

Willie's New Set of Psalm and Hymn Tunes,

4to. 6s.

Post 8vo. cloth, 4s. 6d.

A GLOSSARY OF PROVINCIAL and

LOCAL WORDS USED IN ENGLAND.

By F. GRON.

With Pegge's Supplement incorporated.

Exmoor Scolding and Courtship, in the Pro-

priety and Decency of the Exmoor (Devonshire) Language, with

Notes and a Glossary. 10th edition, post 8vo. 1s. 6d.

By J. R. Smith, 4 Old Compton Street, Soho.

A NEW EDITION.
8vo. with a Map, showing the Acquisitions of Russia,
PROGRESS and PRESENT POSITION
of RUSSIA in the EAST.
John Murray, Albemarle Street.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW,
No. CXXIV. is published this day.

Contents:
1. Life and Writings of Horace.
2. London's Trees and Shrubs of Britain.
3. Milman's Edition of Gibbon.
4. Spanish Bull-Fights.
5. Life of Earl St. Vincent.
6. Queen Elizabeth and her Times.
7. State of Crime in New South Wales.
8. Life of Clarendon.

Nos. CXIX. and CXX. containing the Index
of the Nineteen previous Volumes, will be published soon.
John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Now ready, with Portraits, &c. 5 Vols. post 8vo.
MEMOIRS of the LIFE of WILLIAM
WILBERFORCE.
By his SONS.
John Murray, Albemarle Street.

DR. HOOK'S VISITATION SERMON.

In 8vo. price 3s. 6d.

A CALL to UNION, on the PRINCIPLES of the ENGLISH REFORMATION. A Ser-

mon, preached at the Primary Visitation of the Bishop of Ripon. With an Appendix and Notes, containing copious Extracts from the Works of the Reformers. Published at the request of the Clergy.

By W. F. HOOK, D.D.
Vicar of Leeds, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen.
Rivingtons, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo Place; and D. A. Talboys, Oxford.

TEGG'S PRESENT FOR AN APPRENTICE.

In 1 vol. square 16mo. embellished with Engravings, price

4s. 6d. bound in cloth and lettered.

A PRESENT for an APPRENTICE, to

which is prefixed, Lesson's Temperature Thermometer; also, Dr. Franklin's Way to Wealth. The 20th edition, dedicated,

by permission, to the Chamberlain of London.

"If, however, it should ever fall to the lot of youth to peruse

these pages, let such a reader remember, that it is with the deepest

regret that I recollect in my manhood the opportunities of

learning which I neglected in my youth; that through every part

of my literary career, I have felt pinched and hampered by my

own ignorance; and that I would at this moment give half the

reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire, if, by doing so,

I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of

learning and science."—*Sir Walter Scott's Diary*.

London: Printed for Thomas Tegg, 73 Cheapside; and may be

procured, by order, of all other Booksellers in the Kingdom.

LIVES OF SACRED POETS.

By ROBERT ARIS WILLIOTT,

Trinity College, Cambridge.

Second Series, containing the Lives of John Milton, Thomas

Kean, Isaac Watts, Edward Young, Robert Blair, Blackmore,

Parnell, Addison and Gray, Christopher Smart, William Cow-

per, James Hervey, William Lisle, Robert, James Grahame,

and Reginald Heber, and completing the Work.

Also, 4s. 6d.

The First Series, with an Essay on English

Sacred Poetry.

Published under the Direction of the Committee of General

Literature and Education of the Society for Promoting Christian

Knowledge.

London: John W. Parker, West Strand.

A MOST ELEGANT PRESENT.

On extra vellum paper, in 1 thick vol. 8vo. with Forty-three

highly finished Engravings on Steel, from the Burins of the

first-rate Engravers, after original Pictures and Drawings by

the most eminent Artists, price 15. 11s. 6d.

THE MODERN POETS and ARTISTS

of GREAT BRITAIN.

(Being the Third Series of the Book of Gems.)

Edited by S. C. HALL.

With Biographical Notices and Plates of Autographs.

"It will give to most purchasers as much poetry as they desire

of the modern minor poets."—*Spectator*.

"The engravings are really admirable."—*Fraser's*.

"A more elegant and useful 'Present Book' can hardly be

imagined."—*United Service Journal*.

Whittaker and Co. Ave Maria Lane.

THE PENNY SUNDAY READER,

Volume the Seventh, for January to June, 1820, price

2s. 6d. in cloth boards.

The Work is continued in Weekly Numbers, and forms a cheap

Manual of Sunday Reading, adapted to the sacred character of

the Lord's Day, especially connected with its devotional office.

It contains, also, Miscellaneous Papers, Sacred Poetry, original

and selected, choice extracts from eminent Divines, and Commu-

nications from Correspondents.

Rivingtons, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo Place,

Pall Mall; and sold by all Booksellers.

Work This Work is in the List of Books recommended by the

Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

WORKS PUBLISHING BY FISHER, SON, AND Co. LONDON.

Adorned with 36 Plates, beautifully bound, price One Guinea, FISHER'S DRAWING-ROOM SCRAP-BOOK FOR MDCCCXXXIX.

With Poetical Illustrations by L. E. L.

The peculiar attractions of this favourite Annual are—that it contains nearly treble the number of highly finished plates given in most of the other Annuals, and combines within itself nearly all their varieties. Views of interesting and admired Scenes at Home and Abroad—Portraits of eminent and distinguished Individuals—Historical and Sacred Subjects—Illustrative Designs of the Works of esteemed Authors, Fanciful Groups, &c. &c.; and the whole accompanied by the sweet and touching Poetry of L. E. L. adapted to the Subjects represented.

Extract from the Author's Preface.

"I have again to solicit the indulgence which the public have so often accorded to this work. I ask it now, perhaps, for the last time on my own part. Leaving England (for Cape Coast Castle) for an indefinite period, time and distance may interfere with my completion of a task rendered gratifying by an untimely favour which has rewarded my efforts to please. For the last few years the 'Drawing Room Scrap-Book' has been the cherished record of my poetical impressions and my only poetical work. I shall hope, with all the freshness of new scenes and thoughts, to write for England when far away from its shores; but that hope is indeed an uncertainty."

"We recommend this book strongly to public attention, as one that will permanently delight."—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

THE ONLY ANNUAL FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE JUVENILE SCRAP-BOOK, 1839. By AGNES STRICKLAND and BERNARD BARTON.

16 Plates, tastefully bound, price 8s.

The Literary Department of this Annual has been arranged with peculiar reference to the important object of uniting information with amusement and moral instruction.

"This is the prettiest Annual for the use of young people that we have seen; and the literary contents are of an unusually high character."—*Literary Gazette*.

"It should be observed in this juvenile gift, that the plates are more numerous, and of a higher class, than are found in other Annuals for young people."—*Standard*.

THE WAVERLEY FORGET-ME-NOT, 1839.

Handsomely half-bound in morocco, with embossed Sides, expressly designed for it, price 8s. the Second and Last Volume of

SCOTLAND AND SCOTT ILLUSTRATED.

Containing upwards of Sixty Engravings, from original Drawings, Illustrative, principally, of the real scenes so exquisitely portrayed by Sir Walter Scott in his Works, with Descriptions of the Plates (and extracts from the Novels), by the Rev. G. N. Wright, M.A.

The 3 vols. containing upwards of 100 Engravings, price 3l. 6s.; or splendidly bound in one, in Turkey morocco, price 3l. 8s.

"A splendid work, and certainly one of the most interesting pictorial monuments which have appeared to the memory of a writer whose fame is established throughout the world."—*Lit. Gas.*

THE ORIENTAL KEEPSAKE AND EASTERN TOURIST, 1839.

Beautifully half-bound in morocco, containing Forty-eight large and highly finished Engravings, price 8s. the Third and Last Volume of

SYRIA AND THE HOLY LAND ILLUSTRATED.

From Drawings on the spot by W. H. BARTLETT, &c. &c.; with Descriptions of the Plates by JOHN CARNE, Esq.

The Three Volumes, containing upwards of 180 Engravings, price 3l. 10s.; or, splendidly bound in Two Volumes, in Turkey morocco, price 4l.

"It forms one of the handsomest volumes in our possession. The views are beautiful as works of art, but to the pious and reflecting they have a much deeper interest."—*Literary Gazette*.

"It is difficult to imagine a series of views more full of interest, for Christian readers, than these."—*British Magazine*.

"We turn with pleasure to works, the chief object of which is to make us acquainted (as by portraits) with the lovely and majestic scenes spread over the face of the earth. Information on Eastern customs, as well as on Scripture subjects, is given in the letterpress."—*Leeds Mercury*.

THE LANDSCAPE SOUVENIR, 1839.

Handsomely half-bound in morocco, containing Forty-five Engravings, price One Guinea, the Third and Last Volume of

ITALY, FRANCE, AND SWITZERLAND ILLUSTRATED.

From original Drawings by SAMUEL PROUT and J. D. HARDING, Esqrs. With Descriptions by THOMAS ROSCOE, Esq.

THE MEDICAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

The First Volume, containing Eighteen Portraits and Memoirs, handsomely bound, price One Guinea, of BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS of the MOST CELEBRATED

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS

WHO HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.

By THOMAS JOSEPH ETTIGREW, F.R.S.

CONTENTS.

1. Aesculapius and Telesphorus, Statue of
2. Aesculapius, Statue of
3. Aesculapius, Statue of
4. Aesculapius, Statue of
5. Aesculapius, Statue of
6. Aesculapius, Statue of
7. Aesculapius, Statue of
8. Aesculapius, Statue of
9. Aesculapius, Statue of
10. Cooper, Sir Astley P. G. C. H. D. C. L. F. R. S.
11. Copland, James, M. D. F. R. S.
12. Halford, Sir Henry, Bt. G. C. H. M. D. F. R. S.
13. Haller, Albert de, M. D. F. R. S.
14. Lisacro, Thomas, M. D.
15. Mead, Richard, M. D. F. R. S.
16. Morgagni, John Baptist, M. D. F. R. S.
17. Redcliffe, John, M. D.
18. Rayb, Frederic, M. D. F. S.

The Portraits have been selected from the most approved and authentic sources, and executed by the ablest Artists. As the countenance is the "index of the mind," portraits of distinguished men have ever been looked down upon with pleasure, and faithful resemblances have been eagerly sought after. By a survey of the features of the "human face divine," we distinguish the man of science from the man of pleasure—the philosopher, the moralist, and the student, from the laic, the insipid, and the vulgar. "A real portrait," says Lord Orford, "is truth itself, and calls up so many collateral ideas as to fill an intelligent mind more than any other species."

Handsomely bound, cloth, price 2l. 2s.; or very elegantly bound in morocco, for presentation, price 30s. CONDER'S

PICTORIAL PILGRIM'S PROGRESS: A CHRISTIAN KEEPSAKE FOR 1839.

This unique and unrivalled edition is beautifully illustrated with Twenty-five Engravings, from Drawings by J. M. W. TURNER, H. MELVILLE, and GEORGE BAXTER; a Portrait by WILLIAM DEBRY, from the original Picture, engraved by Holt; and a graphic representation of Vanity Fair, by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. The Text has been most carefully collated with the authorized edition, containing the Author's last Additions and Corrections. Notes by WILLIAM MARSH; and a Life of Bunyan by JOSIAH CONDER, Esq.

"The present edition is fairly entitled to take precedence of all others, and as such we commend it to our readers."—*Eclectic Review*.

"A very handsome octavo edition of the most popular religious book in English literature. The engravings are very happily illustrative of the text, and, strong as the word 'exquisite' is, it is not too strong."—*Literary Gazette*.

"To say that this is the best edition ever published of this delightful and popular work, is to say but little—it is, indeed, one of the most beautifully got up works we have ever seen."—*Court Journal*.

"A book which has a charm for all classes of people, from Heping infancy to decrepity age. The printer and engraver appear to have rivalled each other in their distinct arts, to confer honour upon a work which will never cease to be admired."—*Religious Magazine*.

In royal 4to. containing Thirty-eight large and highly finished Plates, chastely bound in Turkey morocco, price 3l. 2s. a new edition of

THE HIMALAYA TOURIST.

Comprising Views in India, chiefly among the Himalaya Mountains. From Drawings on the spot, by Lieut. GEORGE FRANCIS WHITE, of the 31st Regiment, &c. &c.; with Descriptions by EMMA ROBERTS.

"We may take this opportunity of expressing the great pleasure with which we have examined a superb quarto, called 'The Himalaya Tourist,' published as one of the Annuals. The letterpress, by Miss Emma Roberts, is too flowery; but the descriptions are, nevertheless, true and lively. The engravings are superior to those of any other volume of the class; indeed, the book is cheaper at two guineas than half the rest would be at twopence."—*Quarterly Review*.

"It is, beyond all comparison, the most splendid volume of the season. As a production of art, the work needs far less comparison or rivalry. The literary portion of the volume is in happy keeping with the style of the illustrations, and furnishes some very interesting and valuable information."—*Eclectic Review*.

ONE HUNDRED BRITISH POETS, AND ONE HUNDRED BRITISH ARTISTS.

On superfine Plate Paper, in 2 thick vols. with upwards of One Hundred highly finished Engravings on Steel, after original Pictures and Drawings by the most eminent Artists, price One Guinea each Volume.

THE BOOK OF GEMS.

Comprising Specimens of One Hundred British Poets, illustrated by One Hundred British Artists. With Biographical Notices of the Poets, and Facsimiles of their Autographs.

Edited by S. C. HALL.

"It is indeed a 'Book of Gems.'—*Times*.

"This book is happily designed, happily executed, and happily named."—*Morning Chronicle*.

"Its contents are not for a year, nor an age, but for all time."—*Examiner*.

In 1 handsome imp. Bro. volume, printed in a bold and legible type, with References at the commencement of each Prayer to portions of Scripture to be read, bound in cloth, with gilt edges, price 2l.

THE FAMILY PRAYER-BOOK,

Containing Prayers for every Morning and Evening throughout the Year, with additional Prayers for Special Occasions.

By the Rev. J. MORISON, D.D.

Recommended by the Revs. Henry Blunt, B. Boothroyd, J. Leitch, James Sherman, Caleb Morris, Thomas Raffles, J. P. Smith, R. Vaughan, Ralph Wardlaw, &c. &c.

THE TURKISH EMPIRE ILLUSTRATED.

Now publishing, to be completed in not exceeding 24 Monthly Parts, each Part price 8s. containing Four large and highly finished Engravings, and Eight or Twelve pages of Letterpress, FISHER'S

CONSTANTINOPLE,

WITH THE SCENERY OF THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA MINOR.

In a Series of Drawings, taken during a Nine Month's Residence, by THOMAS ALLOM, Esq.; with a Historical Account of Constantinople, and Descriptions of the Plates by the Rev. ROBERT WALSH, LL.D. Chaplain to the British Embassy at the Ottoman Porte, and Author of "Narrative of a Residence at Constantinople," &c. &c.

"Combining, as it does, the most exquisite productions of the draftsman, Mr. Allom, and engravings of the first ability, with the literary essays of such a traveller and scholar as Dr. Walsh, the reader and purchaser may safely calculate on seeing a work replete with the excellences of art and literature."—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

This day is published, under the patronage of the London Missionary Society, in 2 vols. 8vo. price 25s. illustrated with Maps and Plates,

THE HISTORY OF MADAGASCAR.

Including, also, the Progress of the Christian Mission established in 1819, and an Authentic Account of the Persecution and recent Martyrdom of the Native Christians in the Island. Compiled from original Documents, furnished by the Missionaries and others.

By the Rev. WILLIAM ELLIS,

Foreign Secretary of the London Missionary Society.

Dec. 1st will be published, in post 8vo. handsomely bound in cloth, price 10s. 6d.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

By SARAH STICKNEY ELLIS.

Nov. 15th, containing several Plates, handsomely bound, price 4s.

PANORAMA DES ENFANS;

Ou, la Morale, la Religion, la Science, et les Arts, mis à la Portée des Enfants.

PAR M. L. DE TOURELL.

Auteur de plusieurs Ouvrages d'Education, Collaborateur du Dictionnaire de la Conversation, et Membre de l'Institut Historique.

This Work is especially recommended to Parents and Teachers desirous of laying before their Children a work excellently adapted to induce them to study the French Language.